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TREASON, INC.

BEHIND DETROIT'S TERROR

by Louis E. Martin

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ANTI-SEMITISM: HOW TO COMBAT IT

by Earl Browder

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "ZOOT-SUITS"

by Marion Bachrach

IT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU, UNLESS . . .

by Joseph North

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IT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU, UNLESS . . .

Library

By Joseph North

IT IS Fourth of July again and millions more of our boys have put away the firecracker and Roman candle for the tracer bullet and blockbuster bomb. The Yank will be thumbing through his pocket dictionary for the right word to describe this day to his new friends: it will be happening on the hot sands of Africa, in the green jungles of the Pacific; everywhere that American men face the enemy. It will not be hard for our Allies to understand; there is a word for freedom in every language. "The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . ." Every man worth his salt knows those words well; he is dying for them in every corner of the earth. But the Yanks will be saying, with rightful pride, that those words were first written in America, on a holy document called the Declaration of Independence, and it was signed 167 years ago this Fourth of July. As our fathers fought then, so we fight now, to make those words stand.

But it will be hard, at this moment, for Uncle Joe Stilwell's boys in Asia to tell the Chinese or the Indians what Fourth of July means. Suppose our eager ally asks the question that must be on his mind: "But, my friend, what about Detroit?" We won a great battle in Tunisia but lost a great battle in Michigan. And we may lose more such battles unless we take stock immediately—and act with vigor.

AS I WRITE, word comes that students in Mexico City sought to march upon the American Embassy to protest the treatment of their cousins in Los Angeles. Mark that well. One hundred million and more Latin Americans who were coming to recognize the American people as their friends ask questions today. A billion men and women in Asia are asking questions. They have wanted desperately to think well of us. By and large they have. By and large they know ours is a great, forward-looking land where the common man does not doff his hat to the powerful. There is universal awareness, as Wendell Willkie pointed out in *One World*, that "Our nation is composed of no one race, faith or cultural heritage. It is a grouping of some thirty peoples possessing various religious concepts, philosophies, and historical backgrounds. They are linked together by their confidence in our democratic institutions as expressed in the Declaration of Independence and guaranteed by the Constitution for themselves and their children." This created that reservoir of good will that Mr. Willkie found universally. But, almost in the same breath, he warned us that the reservoir had sprung dangerous leaks. "Everywhere I found," he continued, "polite but skeptical people who met my questions about their problems and difficulties with polite but skeptical questions about our own. The maladjustment of races in America came up frequently. . . ."

Mark that well. For Herr Hitler has marked it and underscored it. C. M. Bolds, War Production Board official in Detroit, knew what he was talking about when he said: "Long ago Hitler bragged that his agents would bring about a race situation such as the one which is now seriously hampering war production in the Detroit area."

HITLER and his friends have chosen the time well. The war has reached its apex. The Axis realizes it cannot win the day on the field of battle. Stalingrad, Tunisia, Guadalcanal, the impending second front, have brought it to that point. Now, therefore, is the time for the trump card: split the Allies—bring the fifth column out on the streets; drag out the war; sabotage the second front by sabotaging the enemy's home front. The Allies plan the grand offensive, the Axis plans the grand negotiated peace offensive. This is the final stroke—and Hitler's friends abroad have evidenced, in the past, sufficient acumen in gearing their works to Der Fuehrer's.

The saboteurs have divided their functions: they and their dupes are engaged in a triple-pronged offensive to wreck the nation's unity. One column marches upon labor, striving to divide the administration from the unions and to drive war production down; a second moves upon the President's economic program; and a third works furiously to foment hatreds and engender outbursts against national minorities—against the Negro, against the Jews, against the foreign-born. Integrated in this plot is the effort to revive the Red bogeyman. For these reasons *New Masses* has devoted the greater part of this issue to a discussion of these dangers.

In this week's issue we deal primarily with the assault upon the Negro: Detroit has given the nation the most abhorrent episode to date. I wish to make this point: that the offensive against America's 12,000,000 Negroes comes at a time when relations had, in general, improved. Negroes were winning equal grading in war work, the WLB's ruling to pay Negroes the same rates for doing the same work as whites was historic; the vote on the poll tax in the House was a considerable achievement; Negro aces had once again irrefutably proven their mettle in the bombing of Pantelleria, thus paving the way for more favorable reaction to the Negroes' demand that their sons in uniform be accorded the rights to participate in the war at maximum. And this was the time the Axis chose to spring their insurrection.

For these reasons, I can imagine the chuckles in the Wilhelmstrasse when they read the words of John S. Bugas, Detroit FBI head, who told reporters: "Do you think that 200 kids, boys between fourteen and eighteen, who stopped a street car, pulled off Negroes and pummeled them, were acting on orders? I don't." What dangerous naivete, obstinate blindness, whatever you wish to call it, in those words. We know, and by this time, the FBI should, how Axis agents work; how they create the conditions for such explosions, or manipulate conditions so that they mature into such outbursts. It is a matter of utmost public concern that all official bodies, including police, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and Military Intelligence, report

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that "not a shred of evidence has been uncovered to indicate that the rioting was instigated by subversive interests." We dare not allow them to ignore the evidence history has given us. Why blink the tragic lessons of the Hitler-endowed Falange in Spain, of the Abetz-aided Cagoulards in France? What differentiates Klan intrigue, Coughlin subversion, Gerald L. K. Smith conspiracy, from the bloody plots of France's Hooded Men? We saw how finally the Cagoulards and their backers opened the fronts to the enemy. Do we want the same to happen here?

WHY mince words? The facts are these: evidence is irrefutable that there is a conspiracy in the land and it has reached the stage of insurrection. And certain high authorities have refused to act upon the proof already before them. Listen to Rep. Samuel Dickstein, of New York: "Two years ago I asked the Dies committee to investigate the Klan in Michigan, but nothing was done about it. . . ." Listen to Cong. Vito Marcantonio, of New York: "The murderous attacks upon Negroes and other minorities in Detroit, Beaumont, Los Angeles, and many other cities are the work of Hitler's fifth column. The Department of Justice has made many investigations. It has even brought indictments. But it has failed to prosecute. . . ."

We may indeed ask: must a saboteur wear a swastika on his sleeve and shout "Heil Hitler" before the FBI arrests him for doing the Fuehrer's work?

TO MY mind Edward E. Strong, national secretary of the National Negro Congress, has put it most clearly. Writing from Detroit, he said: "There can be no doubt but that the insurrection in Detroit was Nazi-inspired and led by American fascists who have been cultivating the ground in this center of American war industry for the past two years."

Mr. Strong was indubitably right when he pointed out that the outbreak in Detroit was what President Roosevelt called it—an *insurrection*. It was not a race riot. It was an insurrection. And unless that is clearly kept in mind, we will fail to get at the root of the matter; we will fail to take the necessary precautions that it doesn't happen elsewhere. The outbursts in a dozen American industrial areas and army camps in the past fortnight should warn us against easy conclusions: that "hoodlums" were responsible; that they were due to "traditional ill feeling" between the races and minorities, etc., etc. That these were factors goes without saying. Of course they were. And Axis agents utilized these factors to achieve their aim.

The most serious misconception is to believe that these outbursts had nothing to do with the war. To believe that is to fall prey to the American Cagoulards, and to perish. They come at the time, in short, of Hitler's military crisis. They all add up to insurrection; organized treason.

Let us recognize the harsh truth; for unless we do, we are lost. The fifth column in this country has strong backers. It had in every country where we saw its tragic works. Men high up have seen to it that the abundant evidence has been pigeon-holed, that Hitler's agents are protected. Martin Dies still has the unmitigated gall to say that he is going into the Detroit area to "investigate," and he speaks of the operations of Japanese agents among the Negroes in order to throw the blame upon the victims, rather than the culprits. The man who refused to investigate the Klan seeks again to turn day into night: to induce America to confuse its friends with its enemies. It happened that way in France—the Cagoulards were never put behind bars or against the wall as they deserved—because men higher up saw to it that they were spared. And not only spared, but to be described as "patriots," the "genuine patriots." And that *is* happening here. Mr. Strong writes of a major official in the Department of Justice who told a delegation of Negro youth recently that the Department had no basis for moving against the Klan since the latter were law-abiding citizens and "good patriots." No, the Cagoulards of America will not be prosecuted unless the people band together in unison behind the Commander-in-Chief and make their will irresistible.

To achieve this the people must act in unison. One of the principal drawbacks has been the passivity, the indifference, that the overwhelming majority of the white populace—which abhors these outbursts—has evidenced. Although most whites would indignantly reject any participation in these "riots," they have stood on the sidelines, have failed to move energetically to prevent them. That passivity must be overcome; it is the task of all patriotic citizens to end it. And *now* is the time. There must be fullest fraternization among black and white today; that is the basis for full understanding; that proved the great significance of the Madison Square Garden meeting June 7. It must be repeated a thousandfold in every community, and on a regional and national basis. Labor, particularly, must offer the lead. This must be the pattern of inter-racial relations in every major center of the country.

To speed this, leaders in various key centers should band into committees that would promulgate programs of action tending toward overcoming the fundamental causes of irritations between Negro and white: housing, for instance, attention to the economic and social needs of the Negro populace in their bailiwicks. Labor leaders, Negro leaders, municipal and state figures, as well as outstanding churchmen, should participate in such bodies.

They could serve as focal points for action implementing the President's Fair Employment Practice Committee. That remains one of the principal weapons to destroy the plottings of the fifth column; it must no longer stay unused. Its purposes are to combat Jim Crowism where that hurts most—at the point of war production. Jim Crow remains the basic ingredient in the dynamite to which the Axis agents light the fuse.

Furthermore, it would be well if all these groups urged the President to go to the people, explain the workings of the fifth column, offering constructive proposals to negate its work.

And at this moment it would be criminal folly to overlook our boys in uniform. Undoubtedly the enemy has plotters who work to aggravate tensions in the army, who seek to unloose a torrent of "riots" among the black and white soldiers. We dare not, at cost of our national security, allow matters to drift here.

To achieve these ends, the people must rouse themselves, must collect at innumerable mass meetings. They must make their will felt by a Niagara of resolutions to the municipal, state, and federal authorities; delegations must visit these authorities. Inter-racial groups, including all strata of our people, particularly those of labor, must be formed immediately to guarantee decisive action.

These are the lessons of July 4, 1943. Unless we have learned them, our home front may give Hitler the victory our troops deny him on the battlefront.

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Detroit.

Now that thirty-four Negro and white Detroiters are lying on slabs in the Wayne County morgue, while hundreds are in agony at a dozen hospitals, and over a thousand citizens, men, women, and children are nervously awaiting trial in police bull pens—now the constituted authorities in this arsenal of democracy are beginning to believe that something is utterly rotten right here in Detroit.

The immediate spark that set this town on fire has been traced to Negro and white fist fights on Belle Isle and on the bridge linking Detroit to the island recreation area. But it is universally agreed that the origins of the race riot lie deep in the social fabric. And most liberals agree that when the surface manifestations of racial unrest in recent months are peeled away, there will be found a hard Axis core.

Just a month ago the great Packard plant was shut down for a week by hate-strikers and a week before the riot of Sunday, June 20, clashes between Negroes and whites occurred at Inkster and at Eastwood Park, two outlying areas. The racial tensions were gathering up like black clouds for the storm which conditions in Detroit over the last two years seem to make inevitable. The fascist offensive against Negroes was carried out by the Klan-minded elements who are old residents and among the anti-union, anti-Negro inmigrants that the manufacturers have recruited into this area rather than give full employment to Negro women. That offensive has been tragically successful. The fact that the municipal leadership failed to heed the democratic voices who were crying out against the Klan, the Coughlinites, the Gerald K. Smithites, and other forces of reaction, can be rightfully regarded as downright criminal.

Further, the riot statistics reveal that the constituted authorities seem to share to some degree the spirit of the mob. Eighty-five percent of the persons arrested in the rioting were Negroes and over two-thirds of the Negro slayings occurred at the hands of the Detroit police. A reporter on Belle Isle Sunday night when the fighting began, stated that the police seemed to operate on the theory that battles between Negroes and whites should be stopped by first "eliminating" the Negroes. The fact that Negroes were as afraid of the police as they were of the white mobs impelled them to counter-attack for sheer protection, according to eye-witnesses.

However one may fix the blame, rumors were chiefly responsible for the swift spread of the riot and these rumors are still being heard on Detroit streets at this writing. By midnight Sunday, stories of what had happened and was happening in the vicinity of the Belle Isle bridge reached the thousands of Negroes in the night club area of the heavily congested Negro district on Detroit's east side. Fantastic tales of cruelty were circulated—the most often heard was that a Negro baby had been thrown off the Belle Isle bridge into the Detroit River. In the white districts bordering the Negro settlement lies were current that a Negro had raped a white girl on the island. Carloads of

Louis E. Martin, editor of the "Michigan Chronicle."

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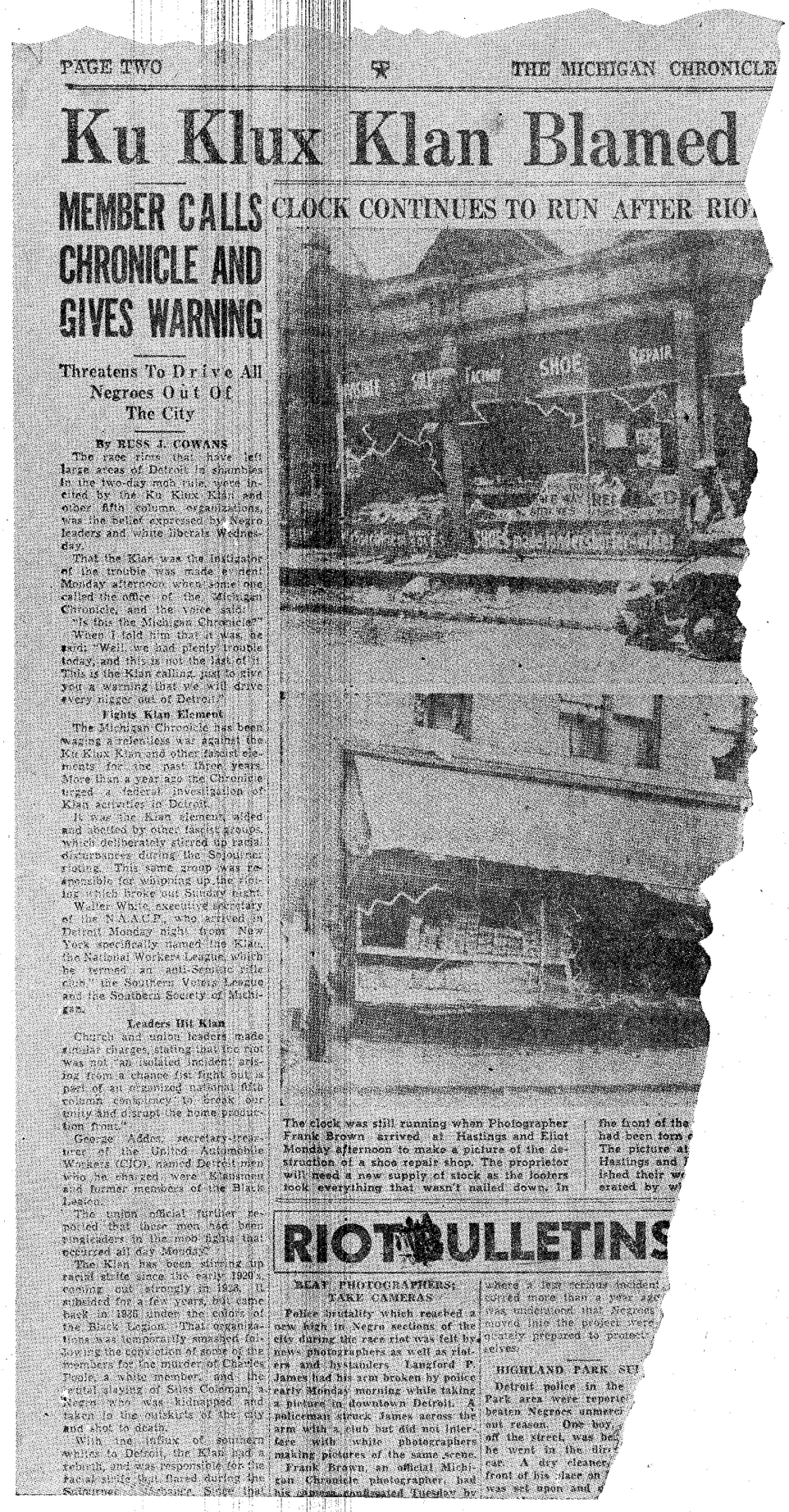
Negroes and whites sped to the scene of fighting, each group seeking to "get" the other.

By dawn Monday the entire district bordering Woodward Avenue, the whites on the west side of the main artery and Negroes east of it, was a virtual battleground; intermittent fusillades of beer bottles, bricks, and clubs were exchanged up and down the two-mile front. At Vernor Highway and Brush Street, looking north down Brush Street at about nine o'clock Monday morning, I saw thousands of Negroes milling on the sidewalks on both sides of the thoroughfare as if they were impatiently awaiting a big parade.

At Monday noon the Citizens Committee headed by the progressive Rev. Charles A. Hill called an emergency meeting of the Negro leadership along with white liberals and well known trade unionists. Mayor Edward Jeffries came to the meeting under heavy police escort. Despite the panic which was observable even among some of the leaders several things were accomplished. Pres. Thomas of the UAW pledged that he would continue to take extraordinary measures to assure peace in the factories. The fact that the rioting did not sweep the war plants was nothing short of miraculous and too much credit cannot be given the union leadership for maintaining order. Second, the causes of the riot were explored and blame was fixed squarely on Axis and fifth column activity in Detroit. Finally, the mayor was induced to take some affirmative action to restore order and to appeal to the citizens to stop helping Hitler. In a radio broadcast at 6:30 PM he made a strong appeal and blasted the fifth columnists, although he is not convinced that the Axis inspired the riot.

As a result of the multitude of conferences, parleys, and emergency meetings on Monday and the following day, the liberal leadership in Detroit is committed to several proposals. First, a proposal for a Federal Grand Jury or an FBI investigation of the riot has won wide support. Shelton Tappes, recording secretary of Ford Local 600, headed a delegation to Washington Tuesday night to get Attorney General Biddle to act. Another proposal which has strong support from the Negro masses is the plan to have thirty-seven Negroes now in the police department augmented by several hundred and to integrate the Negro officers with whites in scout cars. The liberal leadership is determined to clear Detroit of the pro-Axis elements who have been promoting unrest for the last few years among the various racial groups in the city.

ONE important aspect of the riot was observed in a tour of so-called mixed residential areas. In blocks where the two races lived side by side there was no evidence of rioting or violence. Even in the Polish city of Hamtramck, which was aroused during the Sojourner Truth controversy and which boasts more residential integration than anywhere else in the Detroit area, there were no racial clashes. It seems that the Negroes were solicitous of their white neighbors, and vice versa. The violence usually took place in areas where the whites were separated from the Negroes by a street and where there were



PAGE TWO THE MICHIGAN CHRONICLE

Ku Klux Klan Blamed

MEMBER CALLS CHRONICLE AND GIVES WARNING

Threatens To Drive All Negroes Out Of The City

By RUSS J. COWANS

The race riots that have left large areas of Detroit in shambles in the two-day mob rule, were incited by the Ku Klux Klan and other fifth column organizations, was the belief expressed by Negro leaders and white liberals Wednesday.

That the Klan was the instigator of the trouble was made evident Monday afternoon when some one called the office of the Michigan Chronicle, and the voice said:

"Is this the Michigan Chronicle?"

When I told him that it was he said: "Well, we had plenty trouble today, and this is not the last of it. This is the Klan calling just to give you a warning that we will drive every nigger out of Detroit."

Fights Klan Element

The Michigan Chronicle has been waging a relentless war against the Ku Klux Klan and other fascist elements for the past three years. More than a year ago the Chronicle urged a federal investigation of Klan activities in Detroit.

It was the Klan element aided and abetted by other fascist groups, which deliberately stirred up racial disturbances during the Sojourner riots. This same group was responsible for whipping up the rioting which broke out Sunday night.

Walter White, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., who arrived in Detroit Monday night from New York specifically named the Klan, the National Workers League, which he termed an anti-Semitic rifle club, the Southern Vetes League and the Southern Society of Michigan.

Leaders Hit Klan

Church and union leaders made similar charges, stating that the riot was not "an isolated incident arising from a chance fist fight but a part of an organized national fifth column conspiracy to break our unity and disrupt the home production front."

George Addes, secretary-treasurer of the United Automobile Workers (CIO), named Detroit men who he charged were Klansmen and former members of the Black Legion.

The union official further reported that these men had been ringleaders in the mob fights that occurred all day Monday.

The Klan has been stirring up racial strife since the early 1920's coming out strongly in 1930. It subsided for a few years, but came back in 1936 under the cloak of the Black Legion. That organizations was temporarily smashed following the conviction of some of the members for the murder of Charles Poole, a white member, and the brutal slaying of Silas Coleman, a Negro who was kidnapped and taken to the outskirts of the city and shot to death.

With the influx of southern whites to Detroit, the Klan had a rebirth, and was responsible for the racial strife that flared during the Sojourner disturbance. Since that

CLOCK CONTINUES TO RUN AFTER RIO

The clock was still running when Photographer Frank Brown arrived at Hastings and Eliot Monday afternoon to make a picture of the destruction of a shoe repair shop. The proprietor will need a new supply of stock as the looters took everything that wasn't nailed down. In the front of the had been torn The picture at Hastings and ished their wo eared by w

RIOT BULLETINS

BLAT PHOTOGRAPHERS; TAKE CAMERAS

Police brutality which reached a new high in Negro sections of the city during the race riot was felt by news photographers as well as rioters and bystanders. Langford P. James had his arm broken by police early Monday morning while taking a picture in downtown Detroit. A policeman struck James across the arm with a club but did not interfere with white photographers making pictures of the same scene.

Frank Brown, an official Michigan Chronicle photographer, had his camera confiscated Tuesday by

where a race riot incident occurred more than a year ago it was understood that Negroes moved into the project were properly prepared to protect selves.

HIGHLAND PARK SU

Detroit police in the Park area were reporte beaten Negroes unmerci out reason. One boy, off the street, was be he went in the dir car. A dry cleaner front of his face on was set upon and

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very definite boundaries between them.

Further, it was noted that on Monday afternoon as white mobs stopped street cars and buses on Woodward Avenue and pulled off Negro passengers and beat them unmercifully, many white passengers went to the rescue of the Negroes and some asked the colored passengers to lie on the floor as the rescuers shouted from the windows that no Negroes were on board. A colored girl who is a clerk in a government office reported that whites sat on top of two Negroes to protect them from a downtown mob which was seizing isolated Negroes in the shadow of City Hall.

As we review the tragic events of the last few days, many questions arise in our minds. It should be noted that racial rioting affects war production and workers cannot produce under conditions of extreme racial tension. The riot in Detroit was just one big incident in a chain of similar racial incidents which have occurred in all sections of our country. The clashes in Mobile, in Beaumont, in Los Angeles are still fresh in our memories. The question comes very naturally, "Are these riots a part of an Axis plan?" Again, "Why do these riots occur just as invasion of Europe seems most likely?"

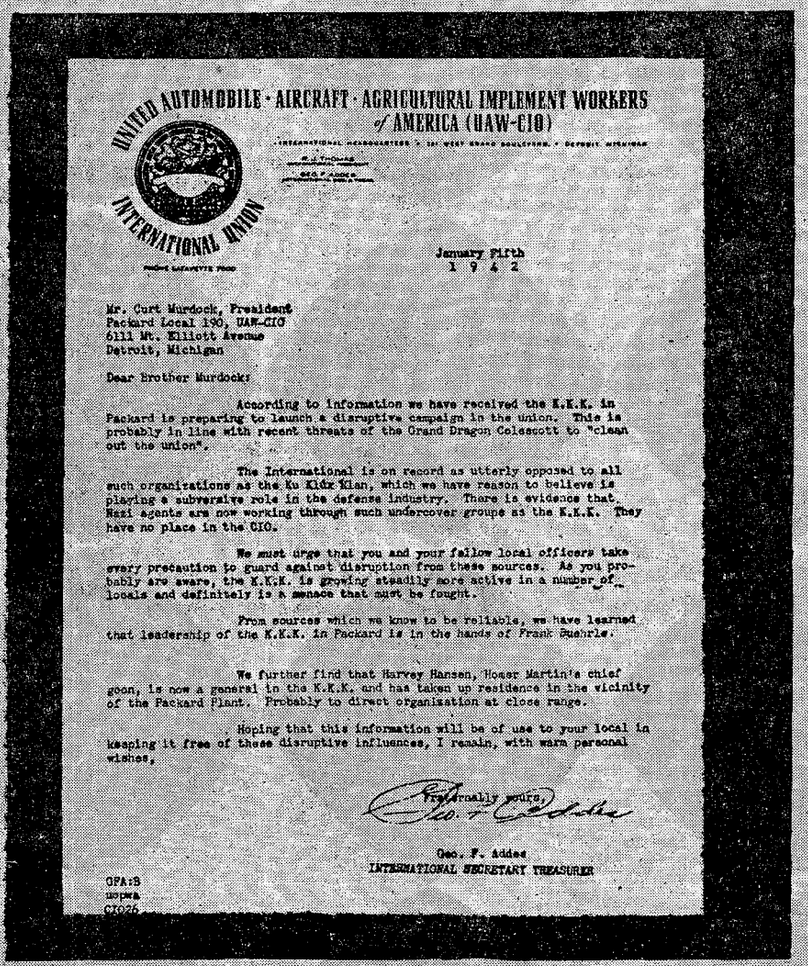
Before one attempts to answer these questions, it would be well to review the Nazi conquest of France and the low countries, of Norway and of the Slavic states. The most fantastic plots and the most elaborate propaganda campaigns were used against the enemy. The mind of the country was softened up and the will to resist was destroyed. Internal dissensions became increasingly alarming and wanton violence was encouraged in order to demonstrate the need for a strong man to maintain order. The people lost confidence in their own ability to solve their own problems.

Is it too much to assume that Hitler is aware of the potential dynamite in the American color bar? The South in times of national peace presents a picture of frustration and decadence which is attributable in part to Southern preoccupation with keeping the Negro in "his place." How much more damaging the race issue can become in time of war! Certainly Hitler and his stooges are aware of the tremendous possibilities of racial strife in this country, which was on the brink of ruin in a Civil War just seventy-five years ago because of the problems presented by Negro enslavement.

We are inclined to believe that while Hitler may be the meanest man on earth, he is no idiot. Psychological warfare has proved to be just as damaging to an enemy as an invading horde and we would accuse Hitler of sheer stupidity if he did not try to seize advantage of our anti-democratic practices toward the Negro, America's tenth man, to destroy our national unity and to vitiate our war efforts.

In Detroit there are pro-Axis elements at work and in such an arsenal of democracy their presence should have long been expected. While we do not contend that an Axis agent struck the blow which started the fighting that initiated the riot, we do contend that pro-Axis agents have been deliberately exploiting the native racial attitudes of the Detroit citizenry in order to produce the psychological atmosphere in which rioting becomes inevitable.

A letter from George F. Addes, secretary-treasurer of the United Automobile Workers, warning against the disruptive activities of the Klan in a number of the union's locals, especially in the Packard plant. The letter first appeared in the union's newspaper.



UNITED AUTOMOBILE · AIRCRAFT · AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT WORKERS of AMERICA (UAW-CIO)

INTERNATIONAL UNION

January Fifth
1 9 4 2

Mr. Curt Murdock, President
Packard Local 190, UAW-CIO
6111 Mt. Elliott Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Brother Murdock:

According to information we have received the K.K.K. in Packard is preparing to launch a disruptive campaign in the union. This is probably in line with recent threats of the Grand Dragon Colescott to "clean out the union".

The International is on record as utterly opposed to all such organizations as the Ku Klux Klan, which we have reason to believe is playing a subversive role in the defense industry. There is evidence that Nazi agents are now working through such undercover groups as the K.K.K. They have no place in the CIO.

We must urge that you and your fellow local officers take every precaution to guard against disruption from these sources. As you probably are aware, the K.K.K. is growing steadily more active in a number of locals and definitely is a menace that must be fought.

From sources which we know to be reliable, we have learned that leadership of the K.K.K. in Packard is in the hands of Frank Buehrle.

We further find that Harvey Hansen, Homer Martin's chief goon, is now a general in the K.K.K. and has taken up residence in the vicinity of the Packard Plant. Probably to direct organization at close range.

Hoping that this information will be of use to your local in keeping it free of these disruptive influences, I remain, with warm personal wishes,

Fraternally yours,
Geo. F. Addes

Geo. F. Addes
INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY TREASURER

GFA:S
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CIO26

shouldn't register under the Voorhis act as an agent of a foreign government and I wrote back saying that we are an American organization and that I was surprised that they would even think we had anything to do with a foreign government."

"One of the established Nazi propaganda activities is the spread of anti-Semitism. Why did you reprint anti-Semitic articles which first appeared some twenty years ago?"

"We wanted to Americanize the Jews."

"Why did you want to Americanize the Jews particularly?"

"Well—you must try to understand."

"I'm trying."

"As soon as we got into the war we stopped disseminating the reprints," he said.

"We're not selling them any more," he repeated. "Say, look here, if the government wants to ask me questions, I wrote and told them that I'll open all my books to them."

"That's a matter for the government. I don't know why they haven't taken up your offer."

The phone in the room began to ring incessantly. Colescott answered it.

"I'll be ready in a minute or two," he said. "Appointment," he explained apologetically and ushered me to the door.

No, I don't know why the government hasn't gone after the Ku Klux Klan. Now that it has arrested William Dudley Pelley and a few other pro-Axis propagandists, maybe it will. We are at war with the deadliest enemy that mankind has known. To pull our punches means defeat. My investigation in Detroit convinces me that if Charles E. Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, and the Ku Klux Klan didn't exist, Hitler would have to invent them. What Vice-President Wallace recently said about Martin Dies is true of these fascist admirers of his: Coughlin, Smith, and the Klan are "a greater danger to our national safety than thousands of Axis soldiers within our borders." It is time for the federal authorities to act.

John L. Spivak.

The Klan Exposed. In its April 21, 1942, issue, "New Masses" published the photostat above, accompanying an article by John L. Spivak on Klan activities in Detroit. The text on the right shows part of Spivak's interview with the Klan's Imperial Wizard Colescott.

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In front of City Hall, a gang of white youths began to close in on a Negro. Three sailors, none of them more than 20, stepped in and broke it up.

"He's not doing you any harm," one of the sailors said, "Let him alone!"

"What's it to you?" snapped one of the mobsters.

"Plenty!" barked the sailor. "There was a colored guy in our outfit and he saved a couple of lives. Besides, you guys are stirring up something that we're trying to stop!"

Excerpt from a United Press dispatch on the terror in Detroit. It tells a story which makes any further comment superfluous.

In conclusion, it should be made clear to the American people that in many respects race riots are the fruit of racial segregation. As we stated in a recent editorial, "Segregation divides the American people and as a result of that division, each group thinks in terms only of its own interests and in the struggle for a fuller life, the separate groups inevitably clash."

"For several years the Ku Klux Klan and the stooges of the Axis have steadily widened the breach between the races which segregation makes possible. . . ."

It is our sincere conviction that the more rigid the color bar the more dangerous our racial problems will become and racial discord in America is an opening wedge for fascism. Those of us who believe in democracy will not stand idle and permit fascism to enter the national household by way of the backdoor in the form of a racial bogey. LOUIS E. MARTIN.

ANTI-SEMITISM: HOW TO COMBAT IT

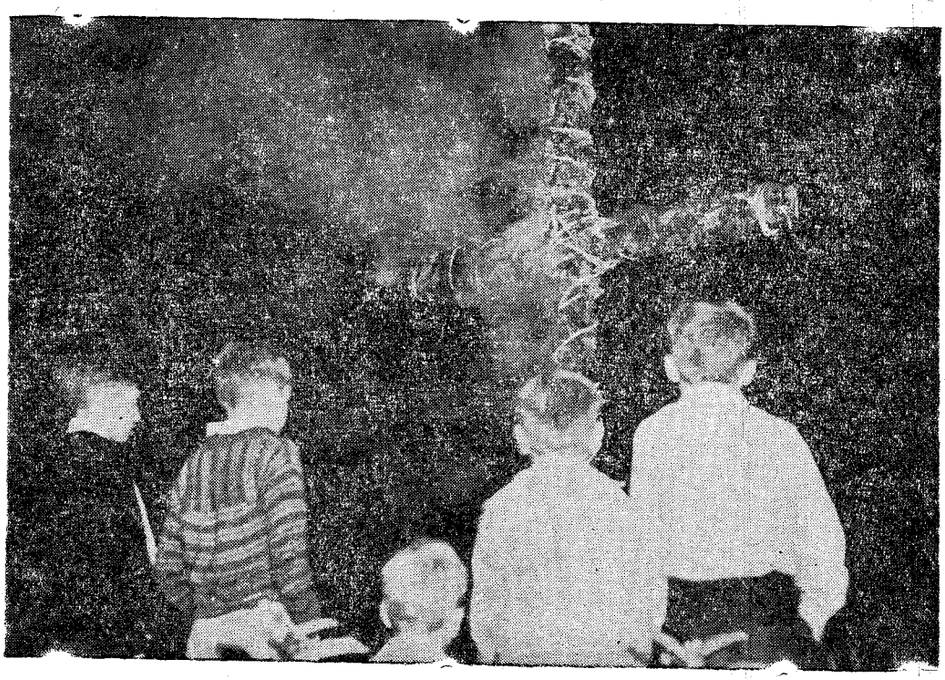
By Earl Browder

ANTI-SEMITISM is a political question of the first magnitude for the entire world. It is impossible to speak of anti-Semitism today without speaking of its twin, which is anti-Communism. Under the banner of struggle against the alleged Jewish conspiracy to dominate the world and its companion "Communist conspiracy" to overthrow all existing governments and institute universal Bolshevism, sometimes called Jewish Bolshevism and sometimes Jewish plutocratic Bolshevism, Hitler, with his satellites and agents, has thrown the world into the greatest catastrophe of all history. This struggle is by no means over; nor is it won. Hitler's bid to rule the world has not yet been beaten. In fact, I think we must say that the heaviest struggle is still ahead.

And while there have been established within the last six months, the pre-conditions for wiping out Hitlerism, these preconditions are still to be realized. It will require the utmost mobilization of all the military strength and moral resources of the United Nations to do this job. And above all, it will require a greater undertaking, a greater mobilization of our intellectual resources than we have ever made before.

TO WAGE the struggle against Hitlerism and master the problem of uniting the democratic world for the supreme military effort, it is essential that we understand the main weapon, the secret weapon of Hitlerism embodied in his twin slogans of anti-Semitism and anti-Communism. Hitler didn't invent these slogans; he found them ready-made. But he took them and inflated them into intellectual and moral monstrosities such as the world has never seen before. And by the manipulation of these slogans, Hitler succeeded in immobilizing and paralyzing the world which he set out to conquer; he hypnotized his intended victims, separating them and making them incapable of struggle; and then finally, after long preparation, apparent to the whole world, he pounced upon his victims one by one, while the rest of the world, knowing that they were also on the list, stood by as if in a hypnotic trance and watched and even assisted in the process leading directly to their own destruction.

It is quite easy to trace the operations of the anti-Communist slogan and to see how it served to paralyze the nations of the West, particularly France, Britain, and the United States, and even involve them actively in Hitler's plans for world conquest. The anti-Communist slogan found fertile soil in the fear of revolution which gripped the possessing classes; they had been deeply



Education in Barbarism. Children watch the burning of the Klan's fiery cross at a KKK convention in a little town in Pennsylvania.

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frightened by the rise of the Soviet Union and were fearful that its example would serve to stimulate similar ambitions on the part of the working class of their own countries, and they were so obsessed by this fear that they could not see the real danger arising to themselves, as well as to the whole world; they could not see that the danger was not in the rise of a new society which would represent a higher stage of human development, but in a reversion to medievalism, reinforced by all the technique of modern science, consequent upon a Hitler victory, which would wipe out every nation, and along with it even those possessing classes who were so fearful of Communism.

This fear of a revolutionary upheaval by the masses dissatisfied with the working of the modern capitalist system led the ruling classes of France, Britain, and the United States to be complacent at the rise of Hitler in Germany because he presented himself as a bulwark against Bolshevism, against the threat of revolution and the inauguration of socialism. It even led them to give active help in the imposition of the Hitler regime upon the German people. Powerful capitalist circles in France, Britain, and the United States share in the guilt for the rise of Hitlerism in Germany because they were under the influence of Hitler's anti-Communist slogan, in face of the fact that the Communists, always keenly conscious of the world threat of the rising fascist movement, had long ago declared their readiness for a united front against this menace and the desire to subordinate their special program to the necessities of this united front in order to prevent a great historical leap backward which would wipe out all of the fruits of human progress for many generations.

What has not been so apparent to most people is the equally important role played by Hitler's use of anti-Semitism; and because the Jewish people were even fewer in numbers than the Communists on a world scale, the deep importance and significance of this manipulation of anti-Semitism has not received the attention it deserves. When I say it has not received the attention it deserves, I do not mean in the superficial sense, because in many respects, the world, and especially the United States, has given more attention to Hitler's anti-Semitism than to almost any other feature of Hitlerism up to the outbreak of the war. I mean in the sense of studying this question and understanding how it arose and how it operates, and how the use of this campaign to oppress and exterminate a people of distinctly limited numbers operated to paralyze the will and the instinct for self-preservation of great nations and hundreds of millions of people.

The principle of Hitler's use of anti-Communism operates quite independently of the number of Jews or Communists there may be or which people actually are Jews or Communists. It operates through the creation of a general atmosphere of suspense, of danger, of impending catastrophe; it seeks to fasten the attention of the people upon such an imaginary and inflated danger, which sets everyone looking all around him for that danger, searching out hidden expressions of this danger among his own associates, dividing people sharply on imaginary lines, lines which have no social reality, setting group against group, individual against individual, and creating a fear of that very social solidarity and unity which would be an insuperable barrier to the rise of fascism.

The manipulation of anti-Semitism and anti-Communism was Hitler's first step toward the creation of this atmosphere without which the fascist regime could not arise or impose its power. There were not many Jews in Germany in relation to the total population, and yet the Nazi regime succeeded in imposing upon the German people the idea of the necessity for a careful examination of their family trees as far back as their great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers to find out whether there was a taint of Jewish blood.

What does that kind of thing do to the social structure of a nation? It results in the complete disintegration of the people, their complete moral and intellectual breakdown, and out of that their complete subordination to the Nazi leadership imposed from above. The anti-Communist slogan does the same thing in principle; operating in a different way, it is connected up with anti-Semitism through the charge that the Jews are guilty of the crime of having brought Bolshevism to the world, spreading the idea to the entire population, and

Don't let it happen here! In Vienna the disciples of Hitler look on with amusement as elderly Jews are made to scrub the street, which has been especially dirtied to make their task harder.

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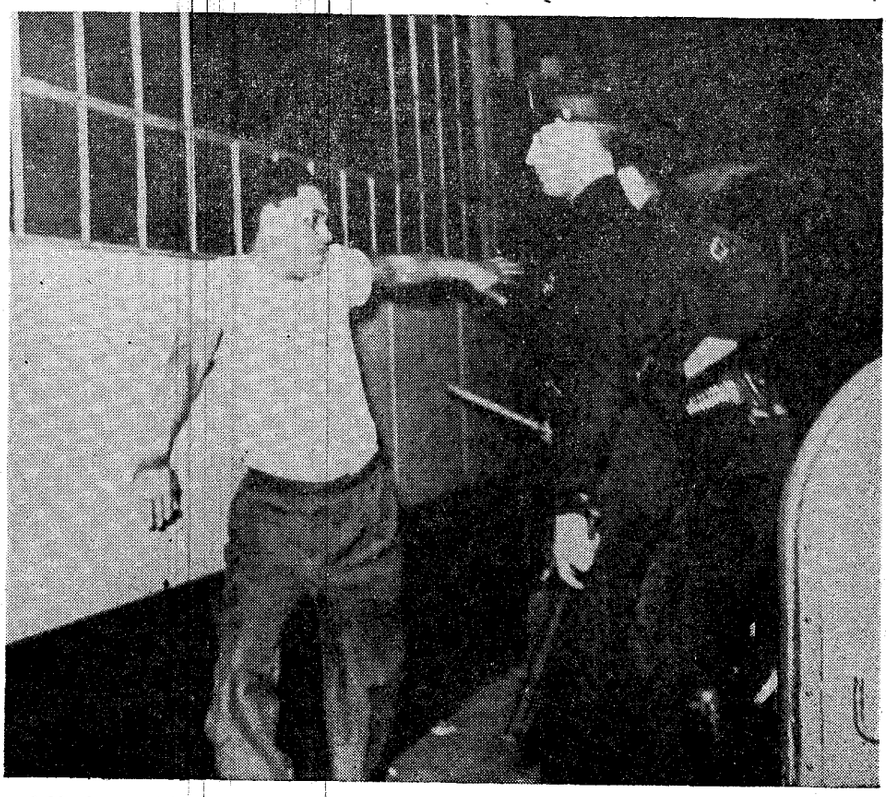

Racist terror—abroad and at home. A Jewish citizen of Munich (left) is forced to parade the street with a sign reading, "I'll never again complain to police." The photograph on the right shows a Negro victim of the Detroit riots being "questioned" by the police of that city.

poisoning even Aryans with its microbes.

There was a strong Communist movement in Germany, although there was a very small Jewish population. Why, then, did Hitler place such emphasis upon anti-Semitism? Even if there had been a problem of the relationship of the Jewish population to the German state, it could not have been a major problem in view of their small numbers. But Hitler owes his success and his historical role precisely to his understanding of the poisonous social effects of this concept which represents a racial or national group as a hidden enemy within; and he understood that the effectiveness of anti-Semitism in Germany was precisely dependent upon the small number of Jews in that country.

It would have been impossible for the Hitlerite type of anti-Semitism to arise independently in America as it did in Germany, under the cultivation and stimulation of the Nazi organization, for the very reason that in America there is such a large number of Jews. Where there are so many flesh and blood Jews it is difficult to substitute the specter of the anti-Semitic legend. In Germany anti-Semitism was all the more effective because so few Germans knew what a Jew was and never saw a Jew except in the cartoons of the Nazi papers. Anti-Semitism in Germany had the same advantages in the existence of very few Jews in the country that anti-Communism has in the United States where there are relatively very few Communists and where the Red scare therefore was able to rise to a height unknown in any other country, not even in Germany.

WE HAVE now in the United States, however, a very large growth of anti-Semitism, which always existed in a small way but never assumed the proportion of a major menace. It has come just in the last few years and it is based upon the dominance of Nazism in Germany and its conquests in Europe, which have stimulated every reactionary force in American life and transplanted into America the full virus of anti-Semitism right out of Berlin.

We have the evidence for this from the Nazis themselves. During the past few months the official Nazi press has exultantly recorded the rising anti-Semitism in the United States, as well as in England. *Das Schwarze Korps*, for example, speaks of "our more clear-sighted contemporaries in England and America," while Herr Goebbels in his organ *Das Reich* recently boasted that "Hostility to Jews is everywhere becoming more apparent." The real character of this upsurge of anti-Semitism was indicated most clearly by the official German *News Agency* in May of this year which declared:

"Only history knows to what extent anti-Semitism among our enemies can change matters in our favor. . . . It may influence the future of the war."

The catalogue of recent anti-Semitic activities in the United States could fill a volume. Here are just a few.

Commissioner of Investigation Herlands, of New York City, has ascertained over fifty acts of anti-Jewish vandalism and terrorism in this city alone.

A few weeks ago a synagogue in Cleveland, O., was set afire.

The nation has literally been flooded with vicious anti-Semitic poems and ditties which have cropped up in practically every state of the Union, have been posted on bulletin boards of war plants, and have been mailed to men in the armed forces.

Recently a booklet of biblical quotations entitled "My Daily Reading from the Four Gospels in the New Testament" was distributed to the Catholic soldiers in the United States Army. This booklet, which will be discontinued according to an announcement by General Arnold, Chief of Chaplains of the United States, contains vicious anti-Semitic as well as anti-labor subheads and footnotes.

The House of Representatives has once again become a forum for anti-Semitic speeches, with very little resistance. The chief offender has been Representative Rankin. But he is not alone. Martin Dies had defended the "right" of Americans to be anti-Semitic and Cong. Ham Fish, echoing Senator Nye and Senator Wheeler, has defended the "rights" of anti-Semites in America.

With a few notable exceptions, like *Social Justice*, the fascist anti-Semitic press continues to circulate in the United States quite freely. Gerald L. K. Smith's *The Cross and the Flag*, Dr. Gerald B. Winrod's *The Defender* magazine and scores of anti-Semitic publications continue to circulate through the mails. It would be safe to say that the number of publications which actively peddle anti-Semitism is today somewhere in the vicinity of 100.

The Ku Klux Klan is active in numerous states, South, West, and East.

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Gerald L. K. Smith's America First Party, pro-fascist and anti-Semitic, has already expanded from Detroit into ten states while the Coughlinites and various other overt anti-Semitic groupings operate actively.

During the recent hearings in Washington on the Chinese Exclusion Act the representatives of the Mothers of America appeared and engaged in anti-Semitic, anti-Communist, and anti-alien speech-making.

I had the opportunity a few weeks ago to read the report of a poll that was conducted on the prevalence of anti-Semitism in the United States. Some of the main results of that poll were published in a little story in *PM*. You probably saw it. The full report is much more illuminating than the brief results given in *PM*. This was a poll conducted on the principle of the Gallup Public Opinion Survey, that is, a sampling of various communities and social strata, a method which, while by no means infallible, has proven by and large to be a very good indication of the actual state of the public mind at any given moment on any particular problem. This poll was prepared not for publication but for the private information of important people, especially in Great Britain, and we may assume that there is no conscious distortion in it. It was a real, serious attempt to measure the extent to which anti-Semitism has penetrated the United States. Well, the results are astonishing and alarming. That investigation showed that two-thirds of the population of the United States have been seriously affected by anti-Semitic propaganda —two-thirds of the population of the United States! One-third of the population of the United States already shows itself as a bearer of anti-Semitic ideas, and ten percent of the population is actively anti-Semitic.

These figures reveal that all of us have seriously underestimated the degree of the invasion of Hitlerism into this country. When we keep in mind that there is such wide prevalence of anti-Semitism in the United States despite the fact that, as a result of the war, anti-Semitism is today a political stigma identifying enemies of our nation's war effort, we have good cause to be alarmed. This has become one of the major problems of winning the war. It is not a question which can be left for elimination to a protracted process of public education over a period of generations. Together with the issue of anti-Communism, it has become a problem which must be met by current public and governmental policy which consciously takes control of the situation.

Just as it has become necessary for winning the war and for the unity of the nation to eliminate the anti-Communist ideology, which throws the seeds of disintegration into our whole national effort, so it has become necessary to place anti-Semitism outside the pale, to outlaw it and to have organized public and governmental action to control and eliminate this Hitlerite ideology which is working for Hitler and which is disrupting our war effort. Anti-Communism is not just the non-acceptance of the Communist philosophy or program, it is the theory that it is necessary to exclude Communists from public life and to deny them the ordinary rights of citizens. And just as the elimination of anti-Communism in the United States as a political ideology, a political force, requires the acceptance and inclusion of Communists in the general democratic life of the country, so does the elimination of anti-Semitism require the positive, active, and unrestricted acceptance of Jewish-Americans in the national life of our country.

This has become a question which must be placed on the order of the day not as the problem of a particular group, not just as the problem of the Jewish population. It is a national problem. It is not even just a problem of the progressives who must combat reaction. It is a problem of the nation, which must be solved as the price of continued national existence. Our nation cannot continue to live if it tolerates the spread and penetration of these Hitler ideas into the nooks and corners of the 130,000,000 population of the United States.

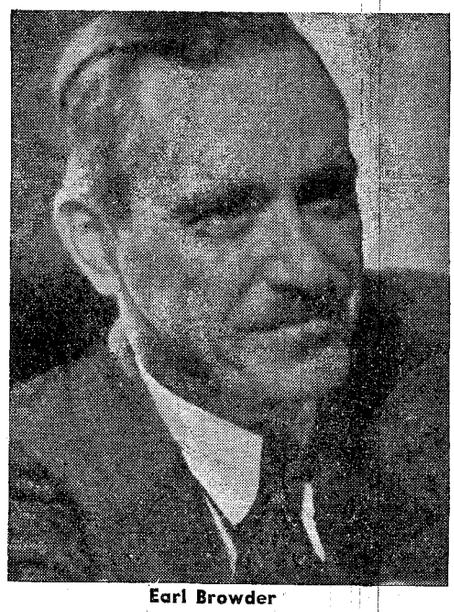
The adoption of a statute making anti-Semitism a crime in the United States, as it has been for twenty-five years in the Soviet Union, is one of the necessary measures today. Not the only one, by any means. By itself, it will not answer the question; but as a part of, and as one of the first parts of, the great social movement to cleanse the country of this poison, it is absolutely necessary not only for the sake of human progress in general, but because we cannot win this war without warring against Hitlerism here at home. And that means warring against anti-Semitism.

It is no accident that among the chief leaders of the forces who are associated with the present uprising against our war effort, we find people who are tainted with anti-Semitism, who have expressed it or shown in one way or another sympathy with it. It is not an accident that all of them are also pronounced anti-Communists in the most Hitlerian sense. One of the most shameful aspects of the whole thing is that Jewish circles are involved in it also. We should not be surprised at this, of course, because originally Hitler was even able to find Jews to help him in the use of anti-Semitism. Every nation has produced its Judases.

But here in America today we have the spectacle of degenerated, declassed, desperate, and hopeless elements being recruited from the underworld for this kind of work. We also have powerful, supposedly public-spirited and respectable citizens joining in the game. I want to mention one prize example—David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, one of the Democratic Party electors for Roosevelt in the State of New York in 1936, a man whom even Vice-President Wallace at a dinner a few weeks ago spoke to affectionately as "Dave," a man who is looked upon by many as one of the pillars of the labor movement. After his leadership in the provocative exploitation of the Ehrlich-Alter case, which led to the first break in the unity of the United Nations between the Soviet Union and the Polish government-in-exile, Mr. Dubinsky emerged as a part of the John L. Lewis cabal, organizing a strike movement in America to break the Roosevelt leadership of the war effort, to prevent the opening of a second front which will defeat Hitler in 1943, and to prepare for an administration in the 1944 elections which will make a negotiated peace with Hitler.

When this understanding and explanation of Dubinsky's role today is outlined, many people draw back and say, no, you are exaggerating; you are resorting to typical Communist name-calling and exaggerations which have no relation to reality; you may not agree with what Mr. Dubinsky is doing, but no one can justly accuse him of being for Hitler; no one can accuse him of being against the President; no one can accuse him of wanting to defeat the United States in this war; and surely no one can accuse him of anti-Semitism.

And yet as we dig into the record as it exists in documents, we begin to find out that Dubinsky over years has had connections with elements that were working with Hitler, spreading anti-Semitism in the world and in the United States; and that Dubinsky has been a protector and a patron of these people. I ran across it by accident while checking up on Dubinsky's role as a conspirator against the Soviet Union in his work with the Jewish Labor Committee which organized finances from this country to create Hitler's fifth column inside the Soviet Union. In the process of that work Dubinsky had associated himself with a



Earl Browder

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fascist by the name of Gregorieff, a man who in Cuba was branded as a Nazi agent and who, on coming to the United States, joined fascist organizations in this country in publishing appeals to the soldiers of the Red Army to desert and refuse to fight Hitler. And when *The Hour*, a responsible research bulletin, tried to expose Gregorieff, Dubinsky and Minkoff and other associates in the Jewish Labor Committee provided Gregorieff with a lawyer to bring suit for libel against *The Hour* to prevent it from exposing his role in fighting for Hitler against the Soviet Union. They published a defense of Gregorieff in the *New Leader*. I have not yet found it in the *Forward* because I don't read Yiddish; but I am sure if somebody searches the file of the *Forward*, he may also find the defense of Gregorieff there.

And Gregorieff is a man with a long record of anti-Semitic propaganda in the Ukraine, in Austria, in Germany, in Czechoslovakia, in Paris, and in the United States, and a long-time associate of the worst anti-Semites of the Ukrainian White Guard in Europe and America. That is where anti-Communism leads Jews—right into the midst of the anti-Semitic camp, just as anti-Semitism inevitably leads right into the center of the conspiracies against the Soviet Union and the United Nations and finally and inevitably against the United States and specifically against the President.

It is no accident that Dave Dubinsky is today one of the chief movers to bring Lewis back into the AFL, a move which everybody knows is a move designed to throw the AFL into the opposition to the Roosevelt administration and the opposition against the war, into the camp of Hoover, Vandenberg, Landon, and company, who have their long established program for collaboration between the United States and Nazi Germany.

THIS is a broad outline of the problem as some of us see it; our task is to identify the sources of the anti-Semitic conspiracy, expose it and, by exposing it, destroy its ability to do harm.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LOS ANGELES

By Marion Bachrach

THE so-called "zoot-suit" riots, which for almost two weeks terrorized the Mexican and Negro communities of Los Angeles, no longer make humorous copy for some of the nation's press.

First in Beaumont, and then in Detroit, the enemy shed the transparent "zoot-suit" disguise which diverted too many commentators. And we all see what we should long ago have seen in Los Angeles—the pattern of an organized Axis conspiracy to open a second front of civil war in the United States.

It is no longer necessary to argue the point many honest patriots refused to face two weeks ago—that the anti-Mexican outbreaks in Los Angeles were no freakish, "local" affair but on the contrary a danger signal to the whole nation. Yet the Los Angeles events do have their special local origins and significance, not isolating them, but tying them in more closely to the Axis grand strategy.

The main "local" factor in the Detroit pogroms against the Negro people is the fact that Detroit happens to be the heart of our war production plants.

And the main "local" factor in the Los Angeles anti-Mexican pogroms is that Los Angeles happens to be the bridgehead to all of Latin America. There are 215,000 Mexicans in the Los Angeles area—the largest concentration anywhere in the world outside of Mexico City itself. These 215,000 have 3,000,000 Spanish-speaking cousins in other parts of the United States and 130,000,000 in Latin America.

It was only recently that President Roosevelt made his historic visit to Mexico, where he said, "Our two countries owe their independence to the fact that your ancestors and mine held the same truths to be worth fighting for and dying for. Hidalgo and Juarez were men of the same stamp as Washington and Jefferson."

For a whole year the West Coast enemies of Roosevelt and Wallace and of our nation's war policy have been preparing for the Los Angeles outbreaks. The descendants of Hidalgo and Juarez have been identified in the press, especially in the Hearst papers, as "hoodlums," "pachucos," "long-haired gangsters," and "zoot-suit killers." The first climax of this anti-Mexican campaign came last August, with the frame-up trial and conviction of seventeen Mexican-American boys in the Sleepy Lagoon murder case. This was a dress rehearsal for the recent riots.

It was an official of the Los Angeles sheriff's office, Ed Duran Ayres, who in the course of the Sleepy Lagoon case argued the Nazi theory of "biological guilt." To him the sons of Hidalgo and Juarez, the compatriots of Cardenas and Camacho, are "wild cats" who must be caged, blood-thirsty killers incapable of alliance with the noble members of the "Saxon race."

And it was this same Nazi race poison which was voiced by the Los Angeles cops as they egged American servicemen on to beat up the "greasers" in the Los Angeles streets.

The Axis conspiracy struck in Los Angeles because there it could strike not only at the domestic—but at the whole hemisphere—front. There it could hope to undermine that foundation of mutual respect and equality laid down by the President and the Vice-President—the only foundation on which true hemisphere unity for victory can be built.

The concept of Americanism proclaimed by Vice-President Wallace, an Americanism common to all the peoples of all the Americas, was badly battered in Los Angeles. In Los Angeles the Axis set out to prove that President Roosevelt lied when he said in Monterrey, "In the shaping of a common victory our people are finding that they have common aspirations. They can work for a common objective."

Los Angeles is not only the key to Latin America, it is also a center for the Pacific Firsters, the defend-California-from-invasion boys whose military "strategy" leads to a negotiated peace. And to the Pacific Firsters we must look for the second special, "local" aspect of the Los Angeles outbreaks.

HOOVER lives in California, and so does Hearst. Martin Dies was out there, attacking the Roosevelt administration and

Reminder

LAST week NEW MASSES announced a discussion between Max Lerner, chief editorial writer of *PM*, and our A. B. Magil, on the subject: "Can Communists and Non-Communists Unite?" This exchange of ideas will appear in next week's issue. This is by way of reminding you to be certain you have subscribed, thus guaranteeing that you will get the issue. The subject under discussion is one that has arisen in wide circles, particularly since the proposal to dissolve the Comintern. This exchange is one of a whole series that will be appearing in this magazine on the crucial question of unity of all segments of the win-the-war populace. It becomes, we feel, of transcendent importance in light of the fifth column insurrection now raging through the country.

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whipping up hysteria against the interned Japanese, precisely at the moment when the anti-Mexican pogroms were raging.

There are no Japanese now at large in California. Most of the abandoned Japanese truck farms have been taken over and are being worked by Mexican labor imported under the guarantees of the United States-Mexican International Agreement.

The Pacific First maneuver was to merge anti-Japanese with anti-Mexican hatred. The Hearst press simultaneously screamed of the imminent threat of a Japanese invasion of California and the menace to California citizens of the "zoot-suit" gangs roving in "wolf-packs."

As long ago as last September, Lieutenant Ayres of the sheriff's office laid the basis for the identification of our Mexican allies with our Japanese enemies. By a piece of anthropological legerdemain unequalled since Hitler "Aryanized" Tojo, Ayres "proved" that Mexicans are really "Orientals," and recalled that Kipling said East is East and West is West, etc.

A NEW attack on hemisphere unity and in the zero hour for the European second front, a last desperate try at diverting us to the Far East—these were the "local" reasons for the anti-Mexican pogroms in Los Angeles. These were the special tasks of the California fifth columnists, as the coal strikes were the special business of John L. Lewis and the Negro massacres of the Klan in Detroit.

These "local" factors merely emphasize the need for fighting the California fifth column on a national scale, for though the riots are over the danger is by no means past and it is a danger to the whole nation.

The answer to Hoover, Hearst, Dies, and the rest of the Pacific Firsters is to carry forward immediately the official policy of invading Europe and destroying Hitler and Hitlerism on the continent, this year, in coalition with our British and Russian allies.

As for the specifically anti-Mexican character of the Los Angeles riots and their peril to hemisphere unity, the first need is for greater clarity among public-spirited Californians. Unfortunately, the investigating committee appointed by Governor Warren and headed by State Attorney Robert Kenny missed the point in its first report by failing to face squarely the enemy-organized and nation-wide nature of the conspiracy. Mr. Kenny, a man of great intelligence, patriotism, and integrity, can perform an outstanding service to the country, if he will call on the federal government to assist him in uncovering and punishing the main organizers of the conspiracy in California.

In California, as elsewhere, this is a job requiring the full exercise of the President's broadest war powers. It is also a challenge to Attorney General Biddle and the FBI. Swift prosecution of the thirty-three sedi-

tionists long ago indicted and never brought to trial is essential. In addition, the native fascists and enemy agents in the Los Angeles police force should be prosecuted for treason. And the ties between California fifth columnists and the Sinarchists, the Mexican arm of Hitler's sabotage ring, must be exposed.

Members of the Mexican Congress and such anti-fascist leaders as Lombardo Toledano and Fidel Velasquez have long been fighting Sinarchism on their side of the border. For us, the fight against the Sinarchists must take the form of fighting our own fifth column, whose provocations against the Mexican people in the United States make all too plausible the Sinarchist lie that this is a "Yankee imperialist war," and that the "gringos" are still the main enemies of the Spanish-speaking Americans.

Such men as President Camacho of Mexico and Lombardo Toledano have done our cause an outstanding service by teaching their people to distinguish between the American people and their leaders on the one hand, and on the other the American enemies of America who are equally the enemies of Mexico.

Their task is made much easier when we ourselves speak out, as CIO Pres. Philip Murray did in his letter to President Roosevelt. Calling on the President to punish the perpetrators of the Los Angeles outrages, Murray wrote:

"Ostensibly this mob hysteria is vented on youths wearing 'zoot-suits.' Actually, the violence that has occurred is the work of a carefully planned campaign to stir up disunity and racial hatred aimed at one result, to give comfort to our enemies."

The parallel action of Mexican and United States labor, both correctly identifying the enemy and characterizing the outbreak as an Axis attack, is the most hopeful augury that has come out of the Los Angeles affair so far. But the heaviest burden falls on us, above all on labor in the United States. Only to the extent that we uphold the dignity of our fellow citizens of Mexican descent and fight against our own fifth column will labor in Latin America be able to say with conviction and with confidence: Roosevelt and Wallace truly speak for the people of the United States.

Miss Bachrach is the executive secretary of the Council for Pan-American Democracy.

"Step up, Folks! See the famous Siamese triplets, Anti-Semitism, Anti-Communism, and Anti-Negroism! They're colossal, they're fabulous, they're devastating!"

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Destruction in Congress

THE majority of Congress declared its independence—of responsibility to the American people. In an outburst of exhibitionistic petulance, both the Senate and the House refused even to consider President Roosevelt's veto of the Smith-Connally labor-baiting legislation, and wrote this dangerous measure into the statute books. They also banned food subsidies without which price-control cannot work.

What Congress did cannot but affect the war effort. Now, as the CIO points out, the labor movement must respond in such a way as to reassert its understanding of the people's stake in the war. The labor movement dare not allow provocation to provoke. Presidents Murray and Green have reaffirmed labor's no-strike pledge. As never before, all sections of the labor movement must demonstrate their allegiance to the Commander-in-Chief and the fight for victory.

Congressional irresponsibility raises many immediate problems. In one sense, the overriding of the veto was a victory for John L. Lewis—the only consolation he salvaged from the disastrous series of strikes he forced on the country. Lewis, compelled to back down, attempted to save his face after his bluff against the government fizzled. Lewis lost for the miners the opportunity to adjust legitimate grievances. By refusing to use federal machinery set up to adjudicate disputes, he greatly weakened the United Mine Workers.

But he gained one point—the undermining of the War Labor Board, and the consequent danger to the labor movement. For this is exactly the threat inherent in the passage of the Smith-Connally legislation. By forbidding CIO and AFL members of the WLB to act in cases involving their affiliates, Congress has to all intent and purpose negated the function of the Board, and imperiled its survival. Lewis set out to smash the Board; the congressional majority fell into the trap (aided by the defeatists), and did Lewis' dirty work.

TO SOME extent the Smith-Connally Act developed from the failure of administration leaders to carry through the policies repeatedly enunciated by the President. Justice Byrnes of the Office of War Mobilization actually urged approval of the anti-labor measure. Chester Davis, before resigning from the War Food Administration, led a revolt against the President's stabilization program. Jesse Jones subtly undermined the subsidies essential to price-control. Prentiss Brown appeased the appeasers in the House and Senate. Such sabotage and weakness have prepared the way for congressional hi-jinks. They form the background of the report of the Kilgore subcommittee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, which warns of the deep crisis on the home front, and restates sharply the need for national unity and for the planned use of our resources. The committee finds that Byrnes' present course of refusing to plan endangers OWM and prevents the new agency from fulfilling the tasks it was set up to do by the President. The Kilgore report, scoring the prevalent confusion of the domestic scene, unhappily has been given added significance by the defeatists in Congress who capitalized on just this confusion and lack of positive leadership to stage their Roman holiday of destruction last Friday.

In addition, Secretary Ickes mistakenly made it easier for John L. Lewis to evade the War Labor Board's directives. Hesitation to deal in the most forthright manner with Lewis' insurrection offered the defeatists in Congress further talking points in their campaign to stir up unreasoning hysteria among those members who vote the way they think the wind is blowing. President Roosevelt repudiated appeasement of Lewis by ruling out the latest "truce" so arrogantly announced by the mine chief, and tacitly accepted by Ickes. But vacillation in the past had already done its damage.

So much so, in fact, that the majority in Congress was easily taken in by Lewis' disruption and the tricks of the defeatists. The Smith-Connally act penalizes the entire labor movement and the war effort because Lewis was out of line. It endangers stable labor relations imperative for production. The measure actually lays the base for strikes rather than eliminating them. "Far from discouraging strikes, these provisions would stimulate labor unrest and give government sanction to strike agitation . . .", the President declared in his veto message. "The heads of our military, naval, and production agencies have testified that these provisions are likely to be subversive of the very purpose of the bill—uninterrupted production."

The congressional majority forgot the war, and turned its back on reality. It was aided by the absence of some forty-odd members, a good portion of them from New York, Chicago, and Pennsylvania, who were committed not to override the veto. These congressmen were bound for a weekend at home. They were notified on the train by their colleagues of the crucial vote about to occur. They were too lacking in understanding to sacrifice their personal comfort to the nation's good.

In the past fortnight, the majority of Congress has shown a cynical disregard of the people's welfare. It has refused subsidies, it has baited labor, it has undermined the war agencies, it has encouraged inflation. But the American people dare not thumb their noses at Congress in retaliation for the way congressmen have thumbed their noses at the people and the war. Now more than ever it is imperative to reaffirm support of the Commander-in-Chief. Hard-headed action of the mobilized people is the only answer to the defeatists. It is the only way to force Congress to pay attention to the war and its necessities.

Old Guard Revue

THE National Governors' Conference at Columbus, O., last week seems to have been converted into a preview of the Republican aspirants for the presidential nomination. Although Democratic state heads were present, the Republicans crowded the platform, uttered noisome phrases about the horrendous administration in Washington, and in general deported themselves like schoolboys on a picnic. Governor Dewey of New York came well prepared to make the headlines. His attack on the New Deal was in characteristic vein. And while he was again insistent that he was not a candidate next year, he is making certain that no stone on the long road to the White House is left unturned. It is just possible (oh, how possible) that Mr. Dewey will hear the call, feel the urgent pressure of the Republican rank and file, and decide that his solemn promise not to run has been rescinded by clamoring millions—a clamor which undoubtedly will be the product of his strategists rather than reality.

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Mr. Dewey was forthright in his denunciation of Washington's handling of the food crisis. Not a word, of course, did he have against the Republican wrecking crew in Congress who, just three days before he spoke, voted to spike the OPA and cripple the President's subsidy plan. Mr. Dewey was also of the opinion that Republican foreign policy was a settled matter inasmuch as the hierarchs on the Republican postwar advisory council were all, without exception, for international collaboration. Even the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* called this as "an excess of politeness" and an "overly narrow definition of isolationism." A more trenchant refutation is required: the Republican hierarchy is drenched with isolationism. The temper of the country, however, is such that it will not tolerate isolationist programs. Mr. Dewey and his friends know it and they are treading easy lest the issue explode in their faces and reveal the ties between their reactionary foreign and domestic policies.

Governor Bricker of Ohio, who was host to the conference and desires a change of address to Washington, D. C., in 1944, also knows how the wind blows and he too came out for a postwar international organization. But as usual his remarks were all fog and no substance. In fact, Mr. Bricker is inclined to leave such matters to the future, thereby escaping any commitments now. The best that can be said for him is that he is safely against sin and heartily in favor of virtue.

Ally's Communique

THERE has been much speculation regarding the strongly worded appeals for a second front in Europe expressed in the special June 22 communique from the Soviet Union and Foreign Commissar Molotov's statement at the American Embassy in Moscow. These appeals have been interpreted as part of the psychological war against the enemy; as indicating that no second front agreement was actually reached at Casablanca or Washington; or as expressing Russian dissatisfaction at the failure of the British and Americans speedily to carry out commitments. In our opinion much of this speculation is beside the point.

The latter part of the Soviet communique contained these sentences: "Everything now depends upon the manner in which our allies will exploit the favorable situation by creating a second front in Europe, as victory over Hitlerite Germany is impossible without a second front. . . . To miss the opportunity afforded by the favorable conditions now prevailing for the opening of a second front in Europe in 1943,

That Is America

AMERICA has not entirely forsaken its greatness in the hour of its shame. The Detroit insurrection, the overriding of President Roosevelt's veto of the Connally-Smith bill, the sabotage of the home front, the chaos and confusion—all these are America. But as we celebrate this 167th anniversary of our country's birth, we can point to a great act reaffirming our national heritage and enlarging our democratic faith—the Supreme Court decision in the Schneiderman case. That too is America, the America that has given hope and leadership to millions throughout the world.

It would be a mistake to regard this decision as affecting solely or even primarily a naturalized citizen named William Schneiderman and the organization to which he belongs, the Communist Party of the United States. As Wendell Willkie, who brilliantly argued the case before the Supreme Court, pointed out, "fundamental American rights" were at stake; their denial would have set a precedent that would have imperiled the rights of many others. And coming at this time, Justice Murphy's majority opinion becomes a weapon in the war; it is, in truth, as Earl Browder stated, "a body-blow against the 'bogey of Communism' in the same line as the dissolution of the Communist International."

Justice Murphy's opinion deals with two closely related problems: whether mere membership in the Communist Party was sufficient to invalidate citizenship twelve years after it had been granted; and whether the Communist Party in 1927, when Schneiderman was naturalized, was in fact an organization that advocated overthrowing the government by force and violence. To the first question Justice Murphy replied with a categorical negative. To the second his answer was that while various interpretations of the Communist position have been made, "a tenable conclusion . . . is that the party in 1927 desired to achieve its purpose by peaceful and democratic means. . . ." Justice Murphy could, if he had wished, have confined himself to the narrow ground of the first of these questions, though that would have meant a weak and precarious balance. By refusing to evade clear implications he converted what would have been a none too sturdy civil liberties decision into a major political document of American democracy and of its war for survival.

Technically, Justice Murphy limited himself to ruling on the Communist Party's position in 1927. Morally, however, the effect of the opinion is to strike down the myths about Communism today and to undermine the premises of Attorney General Biddle's ruling in the Bridges case, the activities of the Dies committee, and Red-baiting within the labor and progressive movements. A comparison with the Biddle ruling is particularly illuminating.

Biddle, in attempting to "prove" that the Communist Party advocates overthrow of the American government by force and violence, lifted out of context a passage in one of the great democratic documents of all time, the Communist Manifesto. Murphy, on the other hand, cited the fact that "The Manifesto of 1848 was proclaimed in an autocratic Europe engaged in suppressing the abortive liberal revolutions of that year. With this background, its tone is not surprising." Biddle sought to make it appear that Lenin, the George Washington of our great Soviet ally, was an advocate of violence. Murphy, in contrast, quoted Lenin as writing that "in order to obtain the power of the state the class conscious workers must win the majority to their side. As long as no violence is used against the masses, there is no other road to power. We are not blanquists, we are not in favor of the seizure of power by a minority." Biddle stated flatly without bothering to offer proof: "The Communist Party teaches the violent overthrow of existing governments, including the United States." We have already quoted Murphy's contrary conclusion. And he also cited the 1938 Constitution of the party which "ostensibly eschews resort to force and violence as an element of party tactics."

The opinion of the Supreme Court majority is conceived in the large humanist spirit that has fed the springs of freedom from the beginning of time. It offers a splendid opportunity to all Americans to join in lifting from our country the incubus of anti-Communism which has divided our strength and weakened our will. Though the opinion has been almost completely ignored by the New York press with the exception of the Daily Worker, its meaning will be stamped into the pattern of the America we love, the America that, despite betrayal, shall stand in the company of the nations that are writing in blood and torment a new declaration of independence for the world.

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to be late with the opening of it, would be a serious setback for our common cause. To delay the opening of a second front against Hitlerite Germany would prolong the war and would mean a colossal increase in casualties. On the other hand, to set up a second front in Europe during the present year would bring the war to a speedy conclusion and therefore would mean a colossal saving of life for the anti-Hitler coalition."

These words, we believe, do not represent a complaint from our heroic ally; they do not indicate a difference of opinion in the anti-Hitler coalition or divided counsels on strategy. They serve, rather, to clarify and strengthen the plans for offensive action reached by the leaders of the United Nations, in much the same way that Prime Minister Churchill's speech before Congress a few weeks ago served that purpose. The context of the entire special Soviet communique lends weight to this interpretation: the whole document is a clear and outspoken analysis of the two years of heroic fighting against the Nazis. The analysis concludes that the might of the German army has been fundamentally shattered, that Germany's capacity for waging war has been definitely crippled. A terrific struggle lies ahead to clinch the victory; it can and must be won by the synchronized attack of the Allies to smash the Hitler forces on the continent.

Our belief that firm second front decisions were taken at Casablanca and further refined at Washington and that no serious differences of opinion now exist among the leaders of the anti-Hitler coalition does not mean that we can afford to be complacent about the situation. On the contrary, we have a tremendous struggle on our hands. It is not a struggle to influence or change the second front strategy of our high command. It is the struggle to *support* their decisions, to enable them to carry out the strategy speedily and efficiently.

Friction in North Africa

IF BRITISH and American representatives had kept out of the negotiations, there was little in the conflict between de Gaulle and Giraud that could not have been settled or resulted in a more satisfactory agreement than has been reached at this writing. As it is, the divisions between both men cut deeper to the detriment not alone of the French cause, but to Allied military plans as well. There is no price too great to be paid for unity grounded in the principle of the quickest prosecution of the war. What we have in Africa now, however, are two French armies with two commanders and a reservoir of friction and disillusionment over the harmful interference by the Western Allies in French affairs. We do not know how London and Washington operated during the recent weeks when the Committee of National Liberation was organized. But it is more than apparent that the flood of attacks against de Gaulle by correspondents on the spot and some commentators in this country, were intended to reduce de Gaullist influence and to prevent a purge of the Vichyites who still retain positions of power in the Giraud entourage. Those libels directed at de Gaulle represent politics at their lowest levels; they represent the kind of political thinking which gauges a man's convictions by the color of his necktie.

We do not doubt that personal temperament is involved in the North African picture. But anyone who exploits it is doing the United Nations an incalculable disservice. The issues are not de Gaulle's "stubbornness" or the fact that Giraud leans on a cane for support. At stake is the building of a democratic French Army and a governing apparatus without the Vichyite mongrels; at stake is the right of Frenchmen to resolve their own quarrels and move on to the larger tasks that face them. Otherwise Frenchmen will begin to suspect, as some of them unquestionably do already, that American lend-lease assistance and British subsidies cannot be had without the relinquishment of French sovereignty. Allied intervention has given Laval and the Nazi radio an opportunity to proclaim the nonsense that American and British intentions are to run the French empire. We should be the last in the world to create situations which our enemies can use to their own profit.

Mr. Ernst's Specter

MORRIS ERNST, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, thinks the principal conclusion to be drawn from the dissolution of the Communist International is that the government ought to crack down on the American Communists. He says so out loud in a letter to the New York *Times*. There are fascists and defeatists who think the same, but that, Ernst would insist, is pure coincidence. It *is* coincidence in the sense that Ernst is not himself a fascist. He is merely one of those warped Americans—their number is happily dwindling—whom hatred and prejudice have driven to echoing fascist ideas under the mistaken notion that these serve the cause of progress and democracy.

In two recent letters to the *Times* Earl Browder has proposed that non-Communists join with Communists in helping to lay the "specter of Communism." Ernst counters with the demand that the Communist Party, unlike the Republican and Democratic Parties, be compelled by law to disclose its membership rolls and financial records. The effect of such discriminatory treatment would be to revive the Communist bugaboo just when the Comintern dissolution has greatly reduced the bugaboo's usefulness to Hitler. Ernst tries to make it appear that there is something anti-democratic, if not criminal, in the fact that some Communists conceal their membership. What is anti-democratic are the conditions that make this necessary. Concealment is not a principle of Communism, any more than it is of the resistance movement in Europe, or of the Underground Railroad in slavery days, or of the American trade unions whose members have often found it necessary to conceal their union affiliations from anti-union employers. Such concealment is a measure of self-defense against reactionary persecution. If Ernst wants to eliminate it in the case of the Communists, why doesn't he, instead of aping the reactionaries, help remove its causes by accepting Browder's proposal?

Ernst also tries to build into something horrendous and undemocratic Communist "party caucuses held before organizational meetings," which have "instructed their members how to vote." It will be news to most readers that the political caucus is a Communist invention, alien to American democratic life. Were Ernst interested in facts rather than vengeance, he would know that caucuses were officially banned by the Communist Party in 1938.

WHILE Ernst's attacks on the American Communists profess to be in the interest of better relations with Russia, he is not too subtle at covering up his anti-Soviet animus. His demand that the American Communist Party be "openly and specifically repudiated by Stalin or his representatives" would require the Soviet leaders to interfere in the internal affairs of this nation. And he compares this country's appeasement of Japan prior to Pearl Harbor with the fact that the USSR, in line with Allied strategy, refuses to provide the Axis with a second front against the United Nations by precipitating war with Japan.

One might ask what entitles Morris Ernst to set himself up as a judge of the integrity and patriotism of others? Has his experience as a collaborator of the Dies committee peculiarly fitted him for this task? And does his preoccupation with the problem of concealment derive from the secret conferences he held several years ago with Martin Dies in an effort to direct the work of his committee so as to spare his own breed of summer soldier liberals? As a lawyer Ernst must know that those who accuse others must take care that they come into court with clean hands.

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WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

CHESTER DAVIS: WOULD-BE CZAR

Our Washington editor's dispatch below was written before Chester C. Davis' resignation as head of the War Food Administration—an event which we feel gives even greater pertinence to Mr. Minton's story.

Washington.

THE story heard here is that Chester C. Davis, banker-"farmer" head of the War Food Administration, has threatened to resign if he doesn't get his own way.

Mr. Davis was appointed to carry through the administration's Food for Victory program, originally drawn up by Secretary of Agriculture Wickard. Davis' job called on him to expand and convert agriculture to war needs, to eliminate shortages of critical foods, to plan agricultural production to meet the emergency. He has done none of these things. Instead, he has egged on the farm bloc in Congress, knifed subsidies without which consumer prices cannot possibly be rolled back as ordered by the President, defied stated administration policies, and weakened the stabilization program at every turn.

Not that Davis' behavior comes as a surprise. He took over the Food Administration with a record of close collaboration with the chiefs of the Farm Bureau Federation, the Milk Producers Federation (Vice-President Wallace called this outfit "distributors disguised in overalls"), and the other big producers' associations which run the lobbies in support of the farm bloc. The bloc has consistently emphasized farm production-as-usual at the expense of the majority of farmers and consumers. Davis was a poor choice for the job to begin with. His appointment represented another attempt to placate Congress, just as did Prentiss Brown's selection as head of OPA when he replaced Leon Henderson. But appeasement hasn't worked, which comes as no surprise at this late date. Actually, the tactic of bargaining with the congressional defeatists in the middle of the war served only to embolden the Hoover Republicans and the poll-taxers. They interpreted administration concessions as weakness, and promptly raised the ante. The most recent fruit of this appeasement was the House rampage over subsidies and OPA appropriations—price-control cannot be enforced unless the ban on subsidies is lifted and the agency's funds restored.

The fight now moves to the Senate. The inflationists count on the inability of labor and the people to rally their forces in time to win a reversal of the House action. They depend on the confusion already spread to frustrate attempts to cancel out the House offensive. The inflationists have shown themselves willing to try any trick—both the obviously ridiculous and the subtly sly. Henry Steagall of Alabama suggested that the way to stave off inflation is to get rid of what he called "fantastic cost of living figures," evidently on the premise that what the people don't know won't hurt them, and that inflation doesn't exist so long as the people are not familiar with the statistics. Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau Federation contended that subsidies are inflationary in themselves, because they lower prices to consumers, saving money for the average person; the savings, he said, are inflationary. Logically, Mr. O'Neal must conclude that the only way to prevent inflation is to inflate. Fred Crawford of Michigan announced that Congress can stop inflation easily enough when it gets ready, but there was as yet no need to take steps. He will undoubtedly lock the barn door immediately on finding it empty.

CHESTER DAVIS has been somewhat more cagey. About two months ago, he sadly admitted that he "didn't see how any power on earth could roll back prices." Testifying before the Senate Agriculture Committee, he refused to say yes or no to subsidies, though he weighed his words against them. "I don't believe a general system of subsidy as the chief implement of holding this thing [inflation] down would permanently cure the difficulty," he remarked, thereby taking issue directly with the President who pointed out that lower prices depend directly on subsidy payments. Davis is always unhappily admitting his inability to go along with the President on any policy, though of course he was wise enough to tell the Agriculture Committee: "Now bear in mind that I am in this position: The President's hold-the-line order is an order to me, and I am going to do everything I can do to help carry it out as long as I am in this position and that order stands." So far, this statement has been the only comfort Mr. Davis has given the President's program. Now suddenly he comes forward with the demand that he be appointed food czar. To grant Davis complete command of food would doom OPA —for Davis is opposed to price-control, roll-backs, subsidies, to any attempt, in fact, looking toward stabilization. His interpretation of what hold-the-line means is at best flexible.

Mr. Davis' record since he took over the Food Administration is revealing. He refused to enforce ceilings on hogs or beef cattle—prices on these essential commodities were allowed to rise unimpeded. He increased the price of feed corn five cents a bushel, directly violating the President's order against higher ceilings. He cancelled the usual spring reduction of New York milk prices, and he ordered higher milk prices in Philadelphia and the District of Columbia. He raised the 1943 ceilings for dry beans, dry peas, peanuts, soy-beans, and flaxseed. Almost every move by Davis has swelled the cost of living.

YET what Davis has done counts less than what he has failed to do. To date, he has offered no plan to expand food production. He has refused to push the conversion of agriculture. He has accomplished none of the things he was commissioned to accomplish. And after refusing to exercise his authority as instructed in the President's executive order, he turns around and uses his own failure as an excuse to belabor the administration. The inflationary gang in Congress echoes him, expressing horror over the imminence of a food shortage, screaming imprecations at the administration for "bureaucratic bungling," while for its part the gang thwarts every move to convert, to encourage expanded production, and to stabilize the economy.

Lately Davis and his friends have hit on a "cure" of one aspect of the food muddle. Alarmed over the amount of grain used to feed livestock, they urge that this grain go directly into human consumption, not indirectly by feeding it to animals, which in turn are slaughtered for meat. This "revolutionary" concept is another phony, another evasion of the main need. Aside from the very real problem of changing the nation's dietary habits overnight, the slick formula is primarily a trick to transform meat into a luxury food. If meat production is reduced—such is the reasoning—then price controls and rationing on meats can be removed, prices can go up, and the packers can make enormous profits on this luxury item.

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Genuine solutions to food shortages are far less dramatic. Agricultural conversion necessitates incentive payments on essential crops. Expansion will result only if proper use is made of farm equipment, only if loans and other forms of federal aid bring new lands into cultivation, only if small farmers are encouraged to get the most out of their acreage. The farm bloc, the congressional front for the powerful minority of monopolists, sets about limiting production rather than expanding it, determined to squeeze out the smaller farmers.

The bloc harps on the insuperable obstacles to a program of expansion, but these obstacles are invariably the result of the bloc's resistance to planning. In Britain, for example, tractors average 1,500 work hours a year. In this country, tractors are used less than 500 hours a year. Nevertheless, the farm bloc points to the "shortage" of farm machinery. It urges a food czar —Chester Davis, of course—without whom it claims there can be no orderly solution of agricultural difficulties. Yet the bloc opposes subsidies just because they mean control.

THERE is no short-cut to planning. The attacks on OPA and stabilization must be seen for what they are—attacks on every attempt to prevent inflation. True, Prentiss Brown has been weak, and has failed to press a correct program to completion. But the answer to vacillation in the past cannot be abandonment of the fight against inflation, but rather more vigorous action. The Lewis insurrection has been nurtured by congressional refusal to give substance to President Roosevelt's seven-point program. The President recognized the need for planning when he set up the Office of War Mobilization, but Chester Davis has ignored this directive. Justice Byrnes, heading OWM, has yet to exercise his full powers; he still talks of settling disputes between agencies, but does not mention the duty to provide planned direction to the war economy. The food crisis, the price-control, and subsidy crisis, are clearly within his domain. When Congress revolted under the leadership of the unprincipled few, Byrnes failed to step in, but allowed the initiative to remain in the hands of the defeatists.

In the end the responsibility rests with the people, in particular with the labor movement. For the past weeks organized labor has responded powerfully. It has now been given a new perspective with the formation of a House coalition headed by Representatives Scanlon, McMurray, Holifield, and Marcantonio to fight for consumer protection, subsidies, price-control, democratic rationing. Supported by almost forty other win-the-war congressmen, this bloc can form the nucleus for a real fight for stabilization. So far, administration spokesmen in Congress have lacked unity, aggressiveness, a clear-cut position in the face of minority attacks. The new coalition can overcome this inadequacy.

Chester Davis is sly, the farm bloc is unprincipled, the defeatists are resourceful. But they offer the people nothing. In a principled fight, with the labor movement behind the Commander-in-Chief, the inflationists are licked. For they cannot gainsay the simple fact that only a stabilized economy can assure a profusion of tanks and planes, ships and guns, food and raw materials, to the nation and to the armed forces as they take the offensive for victory.

AROUND THE WORLD

YUGOSLAV CABINET CRISES

Shortly after the article below was set in type, dispatches from London reported that the cabinet of the Yugoslav government-in-exile has been reshuffled once more. The inclusion of Mikhailovich as War Minister indicates that the cabinet change is makeshift in character and offers no solution of the issues Mr. Petrovich discusses or even promises that there will be a departure from the disastrous policies pursued in the past. There is reason to believe, however, that the demands of the military situation in the Balkans will force more thoroughgoing revisions of the London group to conform with the necessities of the anti-Axis struggle within Yugoslavia and with the desires of Yugoslavs living abroad. The latter in this country have just formed a United Committee of American Croatians, Serbians, and Slovenes under the presidency of Louis Adamic.—The Editors.

FROM time to time reports from London tell of crises in the Yugoslav government-in-exile. The most recent of these dispatches (New York *Times*, June 23) stated that no one "was brave enough to predict the outcome of the Cabinet tangle" which might "not be considered a crisis" by outsiders, whereas "to those involved it was no exaggeration to use this word."

Students of the old Hapsburg monarchy's method of *Fortwursteln*—the technique of getting by with all sorts of miserable makeshifts while merrily gliding toward the abyss to the accompaniment of the "Blue Danube" waltz—observe now how the Yugoslav government in London has mastered the fine art of muddling through without resolving a single important issue. How could it be otherwise with a government setup consisting mainly of elderly politicians and ambitious officers out of touch with the people back home and their present struggles and aspirations? Only a small minority of the members of the last government-in-exile (purged six months ago of such able younger men as Sava Kosanovich) understood the critical questions of Yugoslav unity, of the need to democratize the diplomatic apparatus, and the urgency of inaugurating an intelligent foreign policy instead of the stupid one practiced today which consists of attacks on Great Britain and the USSR.

The leader of this minority was Milan Grol, head of the Serbian Independent Democratic Party. Grol is a man with some experience in bringing about a working coalition of the democratic forces of all three national branches—the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes. But unfortunately Grol is not much of a fighter, and his colleagues in the minority are often distrustful of each other. They are also dependent on the finances controlled by the reactionary clique of diplomats and military men with a Greater Serbian orientation.

The Mikhailovich issue is only one of the great obstacles hampering the activity of the Yugoslav government. Despite the energy expended in glorifying this fraud by arranging exchanges of congratulatory telegrams or decorations, even those Yugoslav politicians who supported Mikhailovich for a long time are today convinced that he is a liability. A dispatch from Washington by the Overseas News Agency (May 9, 1943) based on very good information pictures the situation as follows: "High British and American circles believe it a mistake of the Yugoslav government-in-exile ever to have made guerrilla chieftain Draja Mikhailovich Minister of War, but see almost insuperable difficulties in eliminating him now." These difficulties are described in the last paragraph of the dispatch: "Eliminating Mikhailovich from the Cabinet now would be equivalent to admitting charges that he has sold out to the Axis. That would reflect on the entire Yugo-

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slav government-in-exile. The Yugoslavs have so few capable politicians outside the country that the cabinet cannot be changed or reshuffled. Men tainted by the admission that Mikhailovich's elimination would imply could count on little respect from other governments."

Here, it seems to me, is the whole story of the Yugoslav government crisis. It is only the admission of Mikhailovich's treason that is feared. The fact itself is no longer denied. In order to save the few "capable" politicians—those who are capable of carrying on in the Darlan-Rackiewicz manner—nothing must be changed. And the formal respect of other governments is, of course, put infinitely higher than the respect of the Yugoslav national groups in the United States and the Near East. As to the sentiments of Yugoslavs in this country, the largest newspaper of that national group, the *Yugoslav Herald*, spoke up on Oct. 8, 1942, and has repeated its statement from time to time since then. The *Herald* observed that to "hundreds of thousands of Americans of Yugoslav origin, the presence of Ambassador Fotich in Washington is sufficient proof that the Yugoslav government in London has chosen to stay in exile."

Ambassador Fotich is indeed one of the powers behind the scenes who has constantly driven the Yugoslav government toward a policy of national disunity by fostering a program of Greater Serbian domination over the Croats and Slovenes, by advocating reactionary social, and economic ideas, and by anti-Soviet intrigue. Fotich is able to exert tremendous pressure because of his diplomatic status and his control over financial affairs.

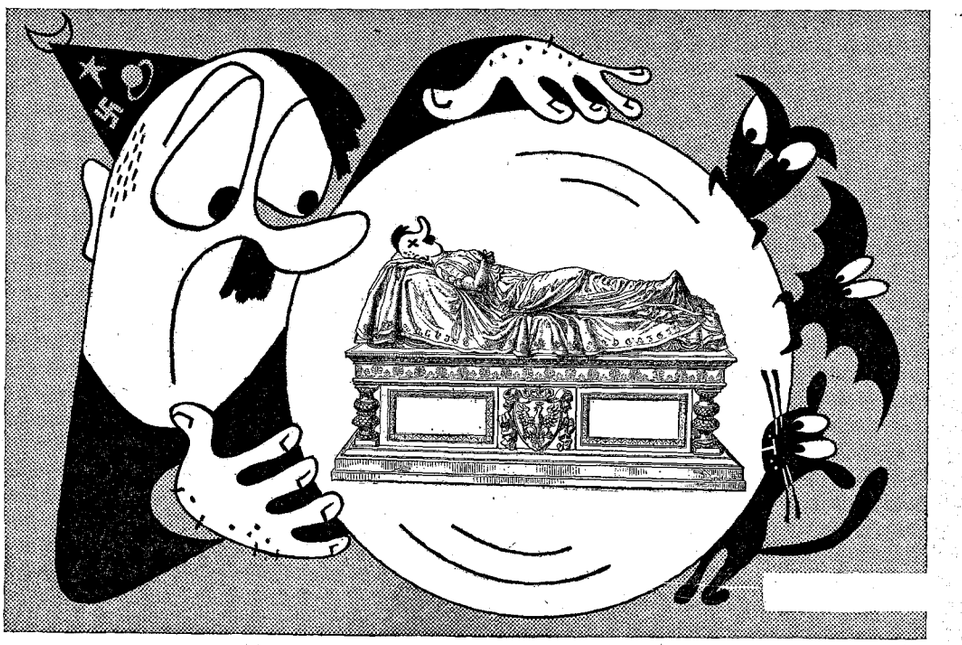
For his sinister role, Fotich has all the necessary schooling and experience. He was made Yugoslav ambassador by the regime of Prince Pavle, ardent Axis friend and chief fifth columnist of his country. But this is only one item in Fotich's record, The *Yugoslav Herald*, in the same article, I quoted above, devotes some attention to both the ambassador and his wife. "Konstantin [Fotich] was born in Shabats, Serbia, and Tatjana von Zurunich [his wife] in Vienna. While Gavrilo Princip and his friends were preparing and delivering blows which finished the Hapsburg Empire, Tatjana's father was an Austrian spy—a Serbian quisling. In von Zurunich's house, German was the spoken language, for Serbian smelled too much of cattle. . . . Konstantin Fotich, a young secretary of the Serbian legation in Vienna, was fascinated by Tatjana's visiting card, which read 'von Zurunich,' and Tatjana was fascinated by Fotich's Byzantine origin. . . ." The article in the *Herald* goes on to point out the fact that the leaders of the pro-Nazi, anti-Semitic movement in Serbia are related to Fotich. The head of the Serbian quisling movement, Nedich, is Fotich's first cousin. The leader of the Serbian fascists, Dimitrije Lyotich, is also a first cousin of Fotich. Fotich's brother, Milan, is secretary to the quisling Nedich. Mrs. Fotich's sister is married to Adolph Cuvaj, one of the chief economic advisers to the Croatian fuehrer, Pavelich. The *Herald* concludes its remarks with these words: "All these people are violently anti-Yugoslav, anti-democratic. They hate the America of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

No lesser foes of a democratic Yugoslav policy are the three members of the military cabinet of the young and totally inexperienced king. These men, who took a leading part in the coup of March 1939, which overthrew the pro-Axis government of Prince Pavle, have ever since followed a policy of a narrow, Greater Serbian nationalism. They have supported Mikhailovich despite his dealings with the Italians and with Nedich, and despite his treacherous attacks on the Yugoslav Partisans. In Mikhailovich they see a means of promoting a Greater Serbian orientation at the end of the war. They hope that a situation similar to one in 1918 will arise. Then the existence of a Serbian army forced upon the Croats and Slovenes a union under Serbian hegemony. And it was with the knowledge and support of the Greater Serbian camarilla in London that Mikhailovich sent his lieutenant, Dangich, to negotiate a pact with certain Moslem politicians—fascist-minded men who had committed treason by helping the Nazi invaders and who have been the backers of every reactionary government in Belgrade. And finally it was on information provided by the military cabinet and members of the Greater Serbian circle that the press in England and America was fed with lies about the Yugoslav Partisan movement and Mikhailovich's phony victories.

But all the frantic efforts of the members of the military cabinet have not kept the truth from trickling through the wall of censorship and falsehood. Today the government-in-exile does not dare deny that the Yugoslav Partisans represent the real patriotic forces within the country. The excuse given for keeping Mikhailovich in the government is that he has an international reputation as a "hero," and that he is "really only a little bit of a traitor" as one of the Yugoslav officials in London put it rather cynically—conceding with an uneasy laugh that this story resembles the one about the girl who was only a little bit pregnant.

Unless there is a genuine transformation of the government to uncompromising Yugoslav democratic unity, there is little prospect that the present crisis will be solved. The politicos in London will muddle on, constantly hampered by internal strife, by the unresolved Mikhailovich issue, and by their incapacity to build a policy of friendship with the Soviet Union. Unfortunately the Americans and the British have done very little to help. As a matter of fact, London and Washington policy with regard to the French has evoked little confidence in the ranks of democratic Yugoslavs. Meanwhile, with the invasion of southern and southwestern Europe becoming a possibility in the immediate future, the existence of the Yugoslav muddle seriously threatens to deprive the Allies of a major military asset. The Axis is using every opportunity to stir up trouble in the ranks of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes and is exploiting the Yugoslav issue in the same way it has used the Polish one—to disrupt Allied unity by presenting the Mikhailovich-Partisan struggle as a fight between the Anglo-American end of the coalition and the Soviet Union. In reality, however, the only loser would be the Axis if the Western Allies unequivocally intervened in favor of democratic Yugoslav unity.

PETAR PETROVICH.



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THE MAN WHO BOMBED BERLIN—II

Soviet Pilot Sasha Molodchy continues the diary of his experiences in the war against Hitler.... The flight that ended in a forced landing—and a title of honor.

Oct. 14, 1941: Bombed motorized columns. Sergei jotted down in a notebook the number of trucks with infantry, tanks, planes and airdromes, cars and locomotives bombed by us. He is vexed when it is difficult to make an entry of a bombed objective. For instance, when the explosive hits a railway station—what was damaged there? How many were killed by the explosion? For how long was the station put out of commission? What entry can be made? It is a riddle, not facts pure and simple.

October 22: On an important assignment in the Northwest. Made particularly thorough preparations for the flight. And then something went wrong with the night motor. It let off smoke and began to spit fire. I tried to extinguish the fire by gliding. But it is no easy matter executing stunts with a bomb load and I just wasn't successful. Fire crept from the motor to the plane, setting the wings ablaze. Smoke began to come into the cockpit. I gave the navigator an order to drop the bomb load. We were still flying over our own territory. The explosives landed in a peatbog. I turned back. The plane was enveloped in flames and began to lose height. I rapped out an order to the crew: "Bail out." Vasilyev and Panfilov jumped.

"You will also bail out, Sasha?" asked Kulikov.

"No, I'll land and try to save the plane," I answered.

"The gasoline tanks will explode and you'll be burned to death."

"We'll see."

"I am with you," comes from Sergei. "We may just as well burn together. I am not going to leave you alone in a plane."

"Navigator Kulikov, I order you to bail out immediately!" I yelled at the top of my voice. "I'll have you tried for disobeying orders."

Sergei repeated my order, but again asked, "And how about you, Sasha?" "Jump and don't argue," I said. The navigator bailed out at the altitude of 180 meters from the ground.

So this was the forced landing which the navigator told me about in the first days of our acquaintance. I started looking for a place to land but could find nothing suitable. The particular area presented nothing but forest brushwood and hills. And behind me was the peatbog. There was no time to lose; the tail was burning, and the plane listing. I managed to get as far as a small meadow. My clothes began to burn. I landed near a hayrick but was unable to avoid the wing's hitting the damn thing. The plane spun and blood rushed forth from my cut temple. I opened the cockpit and crawled along the burning machine to the ground. There was no hope of extinguishing the flames. I crawled to one side. A minute later the gasoline tanks exploded, just as Sergei had predicted. A column of black smoke leaped skyward from the plane, which was burning like a torch. I gritted my teeth, hardly able to restrain my tears.

When Kulikov, Panfilov, and Vasilyev appeared on the scene they were a pretty awful sight—one solid cake of mud from head to toe. The poor fellows had fallen right into a non-frozen swamp. They were wet to the skin and I can just imagine how cold they must have felt. I proposed that they strip and dry their clothes over the smoldering remnants of the plane.

"We're okay," came from Panfilov, with his teeth chattering from the cold. "But you, how do you feel? You didn't break your legs did you? Thank God."

They bandaged my head. Two village lads came up to us. It appears that we landed in a Rostov district, Yaroslavsky region. The boys invited us to go to the village with them. It was filled with many evacuated Leningrad people, among them the doctor. She bathed and dressed the wound and prescribed three days in bed. I was eager to get to Norder and head for our airdrome. "In the name of the Soviet government I forbid you to move, Comrade Junior Lieutenant"—this from the doctor.

We sent a telegram to regimental headquarters giving our bearings and asking that a plane be sent to pick us up. I was put to bed on top of a Russian oven. The room was crowded with collective farmers who had come with milk, cream, and eggs, which they were eager to treat us to. Every one of them insisted on our tasting his "offering." Members of my crew were seated around the table, their faces as red as beets, moving their jaws with the greatest difficulty. "Comrade Commander," reported Aerial Gunner Vasilyev, "We're simply perishing from hospitality. If you can please save us—" On the following day the colonel himself came for us in the Douglas plane. I was at a loss to understand the reason for this honor—the commander himself picking up the wrecked crew. But we were not kept guessing long. It appears that yesterday a decree presidium, Supreme Soviet USSR, was published, decorating the crew with the government orders. The title of Hero of the Soviet Union has been conferred on me and the Order of Lenin and the Gold Star that come with it. Navigator Kulikov has been awarded the Order of Lenin, Panfilov too.

The collective farmers turned out to wish us a happy landing. At our airdrome we were met by friends who gave us a rousing welcome and showered us with congratulations. All night long they waited up for us, highly disturbed at our non-appearance. Many of them considered the crew lost, and some actually drank to the peace of our souls.

October 29: We're off on "doubles" to receive a new type of plane. The crew is dissatisfied—again we are being shipped to the rear. I feel as if I'd been given a disciplinary reprimand. We were depressed as we took our respective places in the plane; one would have thought we were going to a funeral. Our one and only consolation is that the new plane will be better than the old one and we will be able to make up for lost time in it.

November 2: Received new machine.

November 6: Heard Stalin's speech over the radio. It is difficult to convey my impression. We stood around loud-speakers with bated breath, afraid to miss a single word. What sagacity and strength were expressed in this speech, what a sober estimate of the war! He doesn't make the slightest attempt to conceal the gravity of the situation at the fronts, and at the same time shows the inevitability of defeat of the Germans. His voice is clear and distinct. He speaks in an even rhythm, but in this outward calm great explosive energy is hidden, fiery passion that reaches us, kindling our whole being.

November 10: The ins and outs of the new bomber have to be learned. "Well, boys," I say to the crew, "we're going to get busy learning all about the new plane and we're going to do it round the clock. For twenty days I forbid you to go to theaters, movies, concerts, to go visiting or receive visitors, in general, no entertainments of any kind and that's all there is to it."

"May we take our girls out occasionally?"—this from Vasilyev in a very meek tone. "Nothing of the kind," I reply. "The girls will have to wait until after the war." "All right," sighs the navigator, "we have no objections."

November 28: Today I received the certificate of Hero of the Soviet Union, the Order of Lenin, and the Gold Star. Also the navigator, aerial gunners, and wireless operators were presented with their government decorations. At the presentation ceremony there was so much I wanted to say: what I think about war, about our enemies, about duty to country. But I was

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so excited, and the net result was I couldn't remember a thing. My mind was blank and my heart beat like a hammer. I found it difficult to breathe. On receiving the high award all I was capable of saying was "Thank you." In the evening there was a banquet at which many fine toasts were made.

December 2: We have been transferred to a new base. From here we are to fly to the frontline airdrome, to our unit. It is non-flying weather—cloudy, snowing day and night. The chief of the airdrome, Major Govorukh, is a very likable person, but he doesn't permit us to take off on flights. You see, "he is obliged to spare his skilled flyers." For three days we have been waiting for flying weather.

December 5: Rotten luck. Again we are being sent to Moscow to one of the aircraft plants where we are to test new aviation instruments. We leave without the slightest enthusiasm.

December 10: The testing of instruments is running smoothly according to schedule. We shower the colonel with telegrams. The answer invariably is that every dog has his day.

December 20: Our armies in the West and South launched an offensive at the beginning of December. The Germans suffered a bitter defeat at Moscow. The terse, laconic words of the Soviet Information Bureau communiques about our victories sound like music. We are in high spirits.

December 31: We meet the New Year 1942. Summarize results of fighting for past few months.

Jan. 15, 1942: Returned to regiment and am back in action. Off to bomb a railway bridge during the day. The weather was fine and we had a clear view of our target. The navigator dropped a 1,000-kilogram explosive and missed. Blast it. We turned back feeling as mad as they come. We are silent all the way.

January 18: Again we took off to bomb the same bridge. AA gunners met us with a hail of fire. We slipped through without dropping our load. What's to be done? We are not a dive bomber. Nevertheless, we decided to dive. At an altitude of 1,000 meters from the ground we went into a dive. The ground rushed up to meet our plane. Three hundred meters, 200 meters off the ground.

"Sasha!" yelled the navigator. "It's not the bridge we want. Confound it!"

I brought the plane out of the dive and broke through the fire of the AA guns. "What the heck do you think you're doing?" I asked the navigator. "Do you think diving is a joy ride?" "Sorry, Comrade Commander," replied Sergei meekly. We started looking for the "bridge" and found it. Once again we dived and when 200 meters from the ground dropped a special delayed action bomb. We flew two kilometers away from the target. Explosion near the bridge but it remained standing intact.

"Sergei," I shouted, "I'm beginning to be disillusioned about you. You wasted a ton of explosives. I can understand you missing your mark once—but twice in succession—that's going a bit too far!" "It's easier to tame a tiger than to bomb these bridges," came the navigator's grumpy voice through earphones. "Tomorrow I'll have another go at it. If I don't hit my target I'll hand in my resignation. You better start looking for another navigator."

But we weren't given another chance to get at that "fatal" bridge. It was demolished by Junior Lieutenant Caranin, who came in our wake. Our gasoline feeder was broken by a shell splinter. With great difficulty we reached our territory and made a forced landing.

January 24: A leading group of nine planes went in the direction of a town where, according to data supplied by scouts, some 200 German bombers were concentrated for a raid on Moscow. We emerged over our target from under the sun. The enemy was taken completely by surprise. AA guns went into action only after Sergei had already dropped his stick of bombs. All nine planes deployed over their target. Our job done, I flew over the airdrome again to see the results of our handiwork. Everything was burning on the ground. Up to twenty Junkers were smashed. The airdrome was put out of commission for some time to come. The German airmen and mechanics scattered through the field. Our bombs gave them a good dose of machine gun fire. As the guns were furiously barking away, the left motor of my plane was damaged by a shell splinter.

The plane began to lose speed. The nine planes waited for me and acted as a cover, flanking me on both sides. Leaving enemy territory behind, I landed in an emergency airdrome. Later information revealed that the raid interrupted a funeral service that was being held on the premises by the flying personnel, for some killed German ace. The whole officers' corps was present. Forty air officers were killed. .

January 25: I'm working at the table. Sergei is lying on the divan and is reading some kind of old book in a green cover. Suddenly he jumps up and begins to read in a loud pompous voice as if he were addressing an audience of a thousand people: " 'Indeed, to place millions of people, the flower of the intelligentsia, scientists, even geniuses at the mercy of the caprice and arbitrariness of one individual who, in a fit of merriment, madness, intoxication, or love will without hesitation sacrifice everything for his exalted imagination, will squander the wealth of the country, accumulated by the people, will compel thousands of men to die on the field of battle—all this seems to me to be a monstrous mistake.' " "Now what do you think of that?"

"Splendid," I agree. "It's about Hitler, isn't it?"

"You've guessed right and how!" Sergei goes into peals of laughter. "And the story is *Les Aventures d'un Parisien.*"

Rather confused I also begin to laugh. "Recently I delivered a short lecture on Hitlerism," states Sergei. "I was asked why does Hitler burn classics? I replied that fascism is the enemy of culture in general and so on and so forth. Now if I had read this page then I would have been able to drive home my point more clearly. Why this hits the nail right on the head as regards the maniac Adolf. In every classic he finds something against himself. Flying into a fury he ordered them all burned."

Sergei jotted down the quotation, and paced up and down the room whistling an aria from *Carmen.*

SASHA MOLODCHY.

"A Present for Hitler!" from Soviet fighter Sergeant Korneiko.

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AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY POET

Philip Freneau, whose verses inspired the soldiers of Lexington and Concord, and sang the promise of Jeffersonian democracy. A defender of the rights of all mankind.

It is regrettable that both Sidney Kingsley in *The Patriots* and Howard Fast in *Citizen Tom Paine* neglect the friend and co-worker of Jefferson and Paine, "The Poet of the American Revolution," Philip Freneau. Selection in a work of art is of course as desirable as it is inevitable; no play, no novel, can include everything and everyone. But in the Kingsley play and the Fast novel, particularly in view of their thoughtful and progressive character, I felt that a valuable opportunity was lost to link the name of Freneau with that of his democratic compatriot. In explaining this impression I hope to suggest the significance of Philip Freneau on this anniversary of our independence.

The Patriots deals with the critical years of the young Republic from 1790 to 1800, the decade of great struggle between the conception of a monied oligarchy and that of a people's government. Hamilton and Jefferson were the two leaders, the Federalists and the Republicans the two parties, that carried forward this conflict, the outcome of which was to determine the entire course of the nation. Each side had a voice, a newspaper. The organ of the Federalists was John Fenno's *Gazette of the United States;* it was a paper, wrote Jefferson, "of pure Toryism, disseminating the doctrines of Monarchy, aristocracy, & the exclusion of the people." In *The Patriots,* Kingsley properly introduces John Fenno as the journalist hireling of Hamilton, who used pseudonymous masks in the Federalist paper to slander Jefferson.

But the newspaper battle was by no means one-sided, as the play would indicate. From 1791-93 Republican sentiments were twice a week expressed with superb energy, idealism, and wit in the pages of *The National Gazette,* edited by Philip Freneau. "His paper," wrote Jefferson, "has saved our constitution, which was galloping fast into monarchy, & has been checked by no means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known, that it has been that paper which has checked the career of the monocrats. . . ." So effective was Freneau's paper that it became the major target of Federalist abuse. Hamilton accused Freneau of being "the pensioned tool" of Jefferson, since the poet-editor was earning the princely sum of $250 a year as clerk for foreign languages in the Secretary of State's office. President Washington, who as Jefferson noted in an illuminating phrase was "not sensible of the designs of the [Federalist] party," brought the question of *The National Gazette* before a cabinet meeting, complaining that "That rascal, Freneau, sent him three copies of his paper every day as if he thought he would become the distributor of them. . . ." The President hinted to Jefferson that he should interpose with Freneau, and Jefferson answered: "But I will not do it."

To the Federalists, Freneau was an "incendiary," like his old roommate at Princeton, James Madison. This favorite term of abuse, closely followed by such epithets as "democrat" and "Jacobin," was actually a proud title. It designated nothing but an uncompromising desire to carry out the wonderful promise of the Revolution. In the very first number of *The National Gazette* Freneau wrote with poetic fervor:

From the spark that we kindled, a flame has gone forth
To astonish the world and enlighten mankind:
With a code of new doctrines the universe rings,
And Paine is addressing strange sermons to kings.

For in the French Revolution, Freneau saw the extension on an international scale of the great principles which lay behind our own struggle for freedom. The titles of Freneau's poems in this period tell the story of his faith: "On the Fourteenth of July," "On the French Republicans," "Ode to Liberty," "Demolition of the French Monarchy." Like that other courageous American poet of the period, Joel Barlow, Freneau did not share the somewhat confused attitude toward the French Revolution reflected in both *The Patriots* and *Citizen Tom Paine. Barlow* wrote his *Advice to the Privileged Orders,* Freneau his *On False Systems of Government:*

How can we call those systems just
Which bid the few, the proud, the first,
Possess all earthly good;
While millions robbed of all that's dear
In silence shed the ceaseless tear,
And leeches suck their blood. . . .

To a Hamilton, a John Adams, a Henry Knox, to these and others whom he mercilessly lampooned in his verse of the period, Freneau was indeed an "incendiary," hitting out against Negro slavery, preaching the Rights of Woman as well as of Man, advocating reason and science and "the great family of mankind," and ap-

Earliest American battle for independence, in which Crispus Attucks, American Negro, was the first to lose his life.

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pending lines like the following to Mr. Paine's *Rights of Man:*

Once more shall Paine a listening world engage:
From Reason's source, a bold reform he brings,
In raising up mankind, he pulls down kings,
Who, source of discord, patrons of all wrong,
On blood and murder have been fed too long. . . .
Now driven to wars, and now oppress'd at home,
Compell'd in crowds o'er distant seas to roam,
From India's climes the plundered prize to bring
To glad the strumpet, or to glut the king. . . .

Assuming the pen name Peter Slender, he tacked on the title O.S.M. to mimic the Federalists' pretensions to nobility. Only his title stood for "One of the Swinish Multitude," and he wrote ironically

Your mouth was made for rye or barley bread;
What claims have you to halls of state,
Whose business is to stand and wait,
Subservient to command?
What right have you to white-bread, superfine,
Who were by nature desin'd for "a swine"—
As said good Edmund Burke,
The drudge of Britain's dirty work,
Whose mighty pamphlets rous'd the royal band.

So much, in brief summary, for the Freneau who in the critical decade before Jefferson's election championed

A vast Republic, fam'd through every clime,
Without a king, to see the end of time.

But this is only the second half of a rich career which began a quarter century before at Princeton, where the poet wrote with H. H. Brackenridge a commencement poem, "The Rising Glory of America." Written in 1771, when Freneau was only nineteen, this work is imbued with that sense of free nationhood which was to be the poet's dominating passion. Still thinking in terms of colonial dependency on Britain, it is nevertheless prophetic of the great events that were so soon to come,

Of Patriots plac'd in equal fame with those
Who nobly fell for Athens or for Rome.

At Princeton under President Witherspoon, Southerners like Harry Lee and James Madison joined with a New Jersey youngster like Freneau in voting to appear at commencement dressed only in materials of American manufacture. Freneau's Huguenot grandfather had come from France at the beginning of the century in search of religious freedom. The family's prosperity as importing merchants had not dimmed a passion for freedom.

In the days of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill it was to flare up in a series of revolutionary poems that anticipated and prepared men's minds and hearts for *Common Sense* and *The Declaration of Independence* the following year. And if these latter works are the great prose masterpieces of the period, the verses of Freneau in 1775 and in succeeding years stand out as the firmest poetic utterance of the Revolution. The national crisis had produced our first national poet, the contemporary of Barlow and Francis Hopkinson, the forerunner of Whitman and Whittier. His poems were printed in newspapers, in broadsides, and in pamphlets; they were read by the soldiers around the campfires and by the sailors at every American port; they were written for the people and read by the people. The records leave no doubt that Freneau was the Tom Paine of American poetry.

THE man who was to be called incendiary by Hamilton was willing to be called rebel by Gen. Thomas Gage—and even incendiary! As royal governor of Massachusetts, Gage had decreed death by hanging for "the infatuated multitudes, who have long suffered themselves to be conducted by certain well known incendiaries and traitors. . . ." This was in June, 1775. It was rumored that Hessian forces were approaching. And Freneau answered with his "To the Americans":

Rebels you are—the British champion cries—
Truth, stand thou forth!—and tell the wretch, He lies:—
Rebels!—and see this mock imperial lord
Already threats these rebels with the cord.
The hour draws nigh, the glass is almost run,
When truth will shine, and ruffians be undone;
When this black monster will forbear to sneer,
And curse his taunts and bitter insults here.
If to control the cunning of a knave,
Freedom respect, and scorn the name of slave;
If to protest against a tyrant's laws,
And arm for vengeance in a righteous cause,
Be deemed Rebellion—'tis a harmless thing:
This bug-bear name, like death, has lost its sting.
Americans! at freedom's fane adore!
But trust to British clemency no more;
The generous genius of their isle has fled,
And left a mere impostor in his stead. . . .

Americans who had just fought back along the Concord road were ready to listen to "Political Litany," which asked deliverance not only from British dependence, but also

From a junto that labor with absolute power,
Whose schemes disappointed have made them look sour,
From the lords of the council, who fight against freedom,
Who still follow on where delusion shall lead them. . . .
From the scoundrel, lord North, who would bind us in chains,
From a royal king Log, with his tooth-full of brains,
Who dreams, and is certain (when taking a nap)
He has conquered our lands, as they lay on his map. . . .

That same momentous year before the Declaration of Independence, Freneau called upon his countrymen, in "American Liberty," to show the world America could bleed, that brave farmers, scorning the dread of death, would send Boston to the sky rather than submit:

Once more, and yet once more for freedom strive,
To be a slave what wretch would dare to live?
We too to the last drop our blood will drain,
And not till then shall hated slavery reign,
When every effort, every hope is o'er,
And lost Columbia swells our breasts no more. . . .

We grow immortal by the stand we make, he told the farmers turned soldiers overnight; it is for us to make America a free asylum or a wretched state. Of the outcome Freneau had no doubt, and his words were not only a great hope but a wonderful prophecy:

Happy some land, which all for freedom gave,
Happier the men whom their own virtues save;
Thrice happy we who long attack have stood,
And swam to Liberty thro' seas of blood;
The time shall come when strangers rule no more,
Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's shore;
When Commerce shall extend her short'ned wing,
And her free freights from every climate bring;
When mighty towns shall flourish free and great,
Vast their dominion, opulent their state;
When one vast cultivated region teems,
From ocean's edge to Mississippi's streams. . . .

Not even the most confident imagination,

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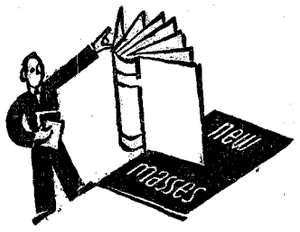

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7-6-43

it is interesting to note, could envisage American expansion beyond the Mississippi; that is a reminder of the times in which Freneau penned this picture of an independent nation.

THE lines I have quoted should be enough to dispel the illusion that Freneau was merely a poet of "hate." That he was a good hater of his country's foes there is no doubt. The times called for satire, invective, scorn; and Freneau responded with pleasure. How the men of Washington's army must have roared when they read the "Soliloquy" of the incompetent and bigoted Gage whom they were besieging in Boston:

Doubts, black as night, disturb my loved repose—
Men that were once my friends have turned my foes—
What if we conquer this rebellious town,
Suppose we burn it, storm it, tear it down—
This land's like Hydra, cut off but one head,
And ten shall rise, and dare you in its stead. . . .
As for myself—true—I was born to fight
As George commands, let him be wrong or right. . . .
Ye souls of fire, who burn for chief command,
Come! take my place in this disastrous land;
To wars like these I bid a long good-night—
Let North and George themselves such battles fight.

And it was not exactly unpleasant for a Lexington rifleman, recalling how he had chased an arrogant band of gentlemen redcoats clear back to Boston town, to read in "The Midnight Consultations" how,

Lord Piercy seemed to snore—but may the Muse
This ill-timed snoring to the peer excuse;
Tired was the long boy of his toilsome day,
Full fifteen miles he fled—a tedious way;
How could he then the dews of Somnus shun,
Perhaps not used to walk—much less to run. . . .

Reading these 1775 poems of Freneau, one is reminded that if July 4, 1776, marked the formal date of our independence, the spirit of independence had been abroad in the land much earlier. And looking forward from 1776 one appreciates the fact that July 4 has had to be won anew again and again and again. Freneau had to fight for it on the British prison ship *Scorpion*, after his capture in a battle at sea; he had to fight for it as Captain Freneau of the brig *Dromilly* and the sloop *Monmouth* and the schooner *Columbia*; he had to fight for it as editor of the *Freeman's Journal* in Philadelphia, the *Daily Advertiser* in New York, and the *Jersey Chronicle* at Mount Pleasant, now Freneau, N. J. He had to fight for it, supremely as we have seen, when he edited *The National Gazette*. And during the War of 1812, it was necessary once more to write poems of heroism and hope and hatred to be read by men in arms for America.

That his vigorous heroic couplets still ring out loud and clear for American independence would admit of no dispute if we could once and for all pull the stoppers of Federalist criticism out of our ears. We have begun to listen a little to Jefferson and Paine. We have yet to learn that Freneau's name is inseparable from theirs. This was the great writing triumvirate of our early struggles for national existence and freedom; these were the literary founders of our Fourth of July.

CITIZEN TOM PAINE

Howard Fast's novel about an immortal American who "scorched a message on the minds of men."

CITIZEN TOM PAINE, *by Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75.*

"DAMNED be his fame and lasting his shame—"

Thus runs one line of a horrible bit of doggerel set going against Paine by his enemies in America. It sticks in the mind. Some would still have it that way—today's inheritors of the hatred of the people, the lineal descendants of Tom Paine's enemies. The name of Paine means much the same thing to fascists as it did to the organizers of counter-revolution in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. But the works of Tom Paine (the words and the deeds) have survived the innumerable assaults on the man. When Paine spoke, he spoke as a citizen of the world—the new world: the voice of the common man was his conscious utterance. And that fact is something which cannot be howled down, for the people do not readily forget the great men who fought in the historic battles for their freedom. They know whom to damn, and whose fame is lasting!

The great merit of Howard Fast's novel, it seems to me, is the sense of the urgency and the reality of the ideas which Paine

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impressed so indelibly on the political thinking of his contemporaries. In the personality of this one man the great issues of his time became articulate: the clear realization of their meaning seems to advance the mood of the novel to the present. For the vitality of this book does not rest upon what is conventionally conceded to be the chief source of reality in the historical novel—an accurately painted backdrop of historical events. In Mr. Fast's novel, the continuity of history is deeply embedded in Paine's searching for the mainsprings of action which would keep the American people on the march for their Revolution. Tom Paine's common sense embodied political truths restricted enough to exert a powerful effect as propaganda on the farmers and city workmen, the rank-and-filers of the American Revolution — yet broad enough to scorch a message on the minds of men for more than a century later. I think that Howard Fast makes us profoundly aware of the historical impact of the man; and that was imperative. But he has also endeavored to freshen our feeling about Paine as a person, to study the formation of character with the analytical methods of the present. This aspect of his work is bound to arouse controversial discussion.

AMONG the cabal which has gathered against Paine the chief point of attack has been his character, particularly certain facts about his life which have been magnified and distorted with the object of deflecting attention from his great revolutionary vision and his immortal services to our country. This line of attack began in Paine's own lifetime and reached a climax of personal persecution after the printing of *The Age of Reason*. "Formerly Satan had been one; now he became two, himself and Tom Paine." From a man so conscious of the ways in which Paine's enemies worked, it would be a queer sort of irony to find him giving them any assistance. But there may be misgivings at the frequency with which we find Paine alone with the brandy bottle in Mr. Fast's novel. With the drinking, slovenliness in dress, carelessness about his person, and an occasional orgy also come into the picture. If there were a failure to understand why Paine lived recklessly, why he did not heed the affronts to his friends which his own negligence of himself sometimes presented, one would feel that it might have been wiser for a writer not to dwell on these things.

But it must be understood that Mr. Fast has undertaken something more than the balancing of the facts of biographical research: this is not merely "fictionalized biography"; on the contrary, everything points to a desire to present imaginatively the full history of Paine's personality. There must be a welding together of contradictions into a character as definite and explicable as a fictional, non-historical creation can become, but, of course, the license for this type of creation carries with it grave responsibilities. In my opinion, Paine's inner conflict, presented here as the outgrowth of the miseries and deprivations of his early life, has been clearly conceived. In solitude Paine had fought against the forces which were dragging him into the oblivion of the gin-ridden slums of London. All the impulses which his terrible past had blindly set in motion, Paine struggled against (he was thirty-seven when he first arrived in America in 1774): out of it all finally came the convictions which he imparted to the world. While the origins of his character and the maturing of his mind are thus partially presented in terms of a subjective struggle—and not through the customary direct examination of putative source materials—Mr. Fast has certainly provided an insight into character which cannot be rejected on the sole grounds that Paine seems an anguished, disturbed man, so tortured by his memories that he relapsed occasionally into fits of solitary drinking.

At the same time the contrast between the solitary Paine and the man who was the inspired comrade of the weary soldiers of the Revolutionary army—the man whose face bore the mark of suffering and the man who could be completely oblivious of himself—has been sharpened in a rather mechanical way. Paine's bouts with the bottle are too frequent incidents in the novel; the accounts of his comradeships too few. Too often Mr. Fast tries to turn into the picturesque the traits of Paine that his detractors have so grossly enlarged. The danger is that this disproportion may be taken as an influence of the reactionary conspiracy against Paine.

ANOTHER problem, partly structural, which the book presents is the handling of Paine's life after he left America in 1787. To that point, Mr. Fast, with ease and dramatic conviction, had been able to work into the clear record of his revolutionary activities the material from his earlier life which strengthened our grasp on his character. But thereafter he is not able to do complete justice to the many events in which Paine participated. His stay in England, the writing of the *Rights of Man* and the repercussions therefrom, seem unjustly abridged. Relying on scanty allusions and brief flashbacks to important moments of his English experiences, the author rushes headlong through the complex changes in the French Revolution, compressing the history of those days and foreshortening the leading figures until the narrative movement has no relation to that of the earlier story. The focus sharpens on the solitary Paine: the dramatic interest becomes a figure gradually isolated from the world of revolutionary action at which he had once been a center. As a result, the character of Paine suffers from attrition, the way is prepared for the somber, bitter age of the man, and the emotions evoked are pathos or resentment. The world for

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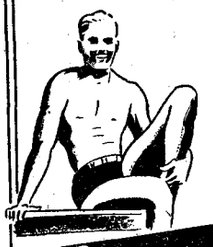

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which he lived, to which he belonged, seems to be withdrawn too rapidly from him: his manifold connections with it seem played down for the sake of the emotional overtones which his tragic old age imply.

Even so, the native greatness of the Thetford staymaker is never clouded by Mr. Fast. I can think of no better demonstration of the necessity and power of fine, clear propaganda in popular struggle than the story of the writing, printing, and circulation of *Common Sense*. How Paine accepted the responsibility of becoming a professional revolutionary, how his theory matured out of experience, how he learned that men can be made to think and to change history when given the proper instruments of theory—the significance of these things, it seems to me, counter-balances the effect of his isolation during the anti-democratic reaction in his last years. That period in his life should not inspire futile pathos, but a burning indignation, a desire to restore him to his rightful historical position.

ONE more thing I believe may justly be said here: about the novelist. Howard Fast is actually molding a new conception of verisimilitude in historical fiction. He has removed elaborate trappings of scene, restoration of places, large scale descriptive architecture from his novel: the decoration of his stage is as subdued, as non-distracting as possible. Along with that comes the placing in the foreground of men whose vitality springs from a better understanding of the movement of history. These people reach us in a new way, for, in the way they think, what their ideas make them do, they suggest neither tenuous analogies nor forced comparisons with the present. In historical fiction can come perhaps the clearest proof of the lack of friction between esthetic creation and political understanding. In *Citizen Tom Paine*, Howard Fast has shown us what great work can be done, and also, by indirectly exposing some of the problems, what greater work lies in the path of himself and other writers.

ALAN BENOIT.

King Rubber

TREES AND TEST TUBES, *by Charles Morrow Wilson. Henry Holt. $3.50.*

CHARLES MORROW WILSON, scientific agriculturist and author of last year's excellent study of tropical medicine, *Ambassadors in White*, has slashed through the densely matted underbrush of the rubber question with a machete and emerged with a searing, scientific, and social document. He has torn into the propaganda of the rubber monopoly and ripped away the "Potemkin villages" created by the publicity hacks of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Here is no soft, lazy, and indolent population, basking in the sun, but the infinite sweat and tears of a slave economy. Here are the flies, the mosquitoes, the bugs, virulent malarias, jaundices, and quicksands of the miasmic jungles. Here are the *seringueiros* (rubber gatherers) in the smoky, acrid curing rooms averaging from fourteen to twenty-six cents per day, contrasted to the *norteamericanos magnificos*, the Dutch patroons, and the absentee English landlords lolling in the tinkling cantinas and rolling in the profits as high as 1,300 percent. And here is the population suffering from malnutrition, elephantiaisis, and sleeping sickness, for whom dog food is considered "too extravagant" and begetting of "grand notions." These are the people who were expected to rise up and defend "their" Malaya and Singapore. These are the people who had been kicked into submission and taught that rubber was king, and then expected to destroy the rubber crops and scorch the plantation.

But one cannot sit back and merely shudder for humanitarian reasons. The economic exploitation of the rubber workers, and the failure to defend the rubber plantations adequately, has caused a great disaster and threatens a major crisis for the United Nations. For as Mr. Wilson points out, we lost ninety-seven percent of our rubber supply when the China South Seas area was conquered by the Japanese samurai. This means we must get rubber from some source. The author presents a chart showing some of our needs. Our light pursuit planes use 255 pounds; our light tanks use 489 pounds; our heavy bombers need 1,825 pounds; and our battleships require eighty tons of rubber. The only source left us is the use of synthetic rubber. Mr. Wilson has included the entire Baruch committee report which estimates that the deficit to be met by synthetic rubber will be 211,000 tons by January 1, 1944, "with no allowance for tires for passenger automobiles."

THE American public has been barraged with the new abracadabra of vistanex, chlorpene, chemigum, thikol, koroseal, and buna. These rubber-like substitutes have many practical values and are even better than natural rubber for certain processes. Although experiments have been conducted on a small scale, the public funds made available by the Reconstruction Finance Corp. for research have been gobbled up by the petroleum syndicate, which promises a millennium (and incidentally a monopoly). The Baruch report warns of possible production kinks and "dares not depend on unbuilt plants," but this does not faze the oil companies, which go on issuing optimistic and fantastic reports. They were joined by the New York *Daily News* and the Washington *Times-Herald* in July 1942, who proclaimed "that the rubber shortage was a myth." Added to this damage created by the appeaser press, was the legislation put through by the "farm bloc" to prevent the

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War Production Board from controlling synthetic rubber manufacture of agricultural products. "Russia has been manufacturing synthetic rubber (Sovprene) successfully for ten years. . . . To date we have no detailed information as to the Russian experience. . . . We feel that this information should still be obtained . . ." continues the Baruch report. And finally, on June 1, 1943, the newspaper accounts on the third lend-lease report state, "the USSR has furnished us valuable technical military information. We are also receiving the benefits of its research in synthetic rubber manufacture and the extraction of rubber from rubber-bearing plants at a time when military reverses have cut off our supply of crude rubber." But up to the present our synthetic program has been "burdened with deliberate frauds, self-contradictions, failures, and few successes."

BUT there can be a brighter picture and the needs of our armed forces can be fulfilled if we are willing to face the choice of discomfort, rather than defeat. Our government must curtail all non-essential driving because gas rationing is the only way to save rubber; it must buy or confiscate the 173,000,000 tires in stock; it must control the manufacture of synthetic rubber; it must seek out more of the "know-how" from the proffered Soviet experience. These are the things that will make for "no rubber question by Jan. 1, 1944."

The author has also offered a program for the future which must be based on "an international fraternity of labor," and the abolition of a feudal economy in the rubber lands. He proposes the cultivation of Hevea brasiliensis tree, the chief source of the world's rubber supply, on small farms in the tropics. He proposes in the words of the American rubber worker that the "big shots . . . pay fair and play fair with the rubber workers."

JAMES KNIGHT.

Brief Review

LATIN AMERICA IN MAPS, *by A. Curtis Wilgus. Barnes & Noble. $1.25.*

THIS is a compilation of maps designed to give the college student a view of the geography, ethnological background, and economic riches of the countries below the Rio Grande. The accompanying commentary is brief and informative although lacking in interpretative material, which the author apparently feels must be obtained from textbooks and other works on Latin America. In the places where he does venture an opinion it is superficial and hardly corresponds to the facts. Thus, while Mexicans are described as living in relative poverty, they are nevertheless quite contented. The truth is, of course, that the Mexicans have fought many a battle for security and plenty.

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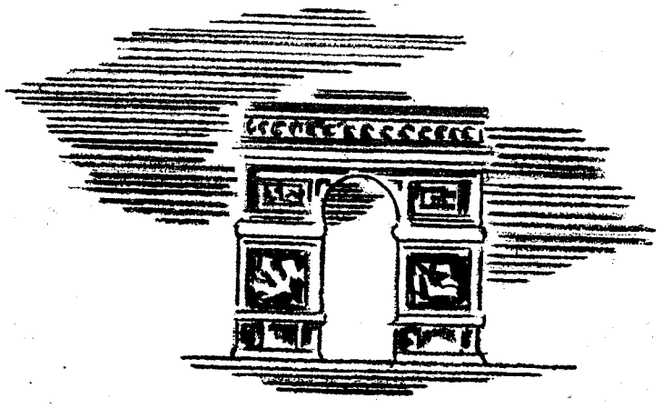

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THE Fall OF Paris

Starts Sunday, July 11th and continues daily in the Daily Worker

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Earl Browder says, ". . . read Ilya Ehrenburg's remarkable book, "The Fall of Paris," which, in my opinion, will live for a long time as a classical picture of that epoch (in France) up to the formation of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition."

START IT IN

The WORKER

SUNDAY, JULY 11

FILMS

Young Defenders

A movie about a child guerrilla band.

"Boy from Stalingrad" has not been shown on Broadway at all, and I should like to know why. True, the picture was economically produced without a name cast, and it runs only about an hour. None the less, it is exciting and significant; and we have seen dozens of B films on Broadway which were nothing of the sort. But this is the first Hollywood film to celebrate the Russian people's heroism in this war, so you can make your own guesses as to why Columbia released it in this half-hearted manner—without publicity, without a glimmer of advertising. For one thing, the Catholic Legion of Decency is reported to hold that the picture shows "too much hate" of the Nazis. If I translate that idea correctly, it is perfectly all right to show German soldiers killing and torturing children; only you must not show the children resenting it.

Resent it the boy from Stalingrad and his friends do, and very effectively. Three of them are out in the fields when the Nazis advance on their little town, a few miles on the hither side of Stalingrad. They come home to find the town deserted and shelled into gruesome rubble. A weak cry from the ruins leads them to a five-year-old boy, and they dig him out. Lying unconscious on the hillside is an older boy, whom they rescue; he proves to be an English lad who has seen his father, a Dnieprostroy engineer, shot down by the Nazis. And there is yet another boy, doing a sort of rear-guard duty for the fleeing remnants of the villagers. So here is a guerrilla force. Four lads from ten to fourteen, a half-grown girl, and a baby. They have the ways of the children with whom you are familiar; they sing, they boast, they quarrel a little, they pass swiftly from mood to mood with the volatility of dragonflies. But also they hold their village, for a time, against Nazi troops afraid to enter and mop up. And when they die they take many Nazis with them.

It might once have seemed implausible for children to mine a road and kill patrolling Nazis; for children to throw grenades; for children to ambush and stun a German officer. It does not seem implausible now that we have read their stories in the news from Russia. Nor is it implausible for German soldiers to shoot down a little girl and a baby. Why, indeed, only one girl and one baby? For we have read reports about that too.

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And it is not implausible for children to hate, nor is it "unsuitable." Those who torture children must learn how fit and necessary the child's cleansing hate is. *Boy from Stalingrad* shows the quick maturity which Russian boys and girls reach when the situation demands it; which our children will reach too, once we abandon the ruinous course of barring them from any creative position in the country's war effort. In *Boy from Stalingrad* the children are not patted on the head and sent out to jitterbug. They are responsible citizens, and that is why a film about them is passionate and intelligent where so many of our child-shows seem mere exhibitions of amusing clockwork toys.

This film has a minor flaw or two; its boys take longer to organize effective guerrilla work than the resolute Russian boys would; and its young actors, though sincere and fairly capable, sometimes mar their lines with the trained-monkey cuteness forced upon our screen children. These limitations, however, do not prevent the truth and power of *Boy from Stalingrad* from lifting an audience out of its seats.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

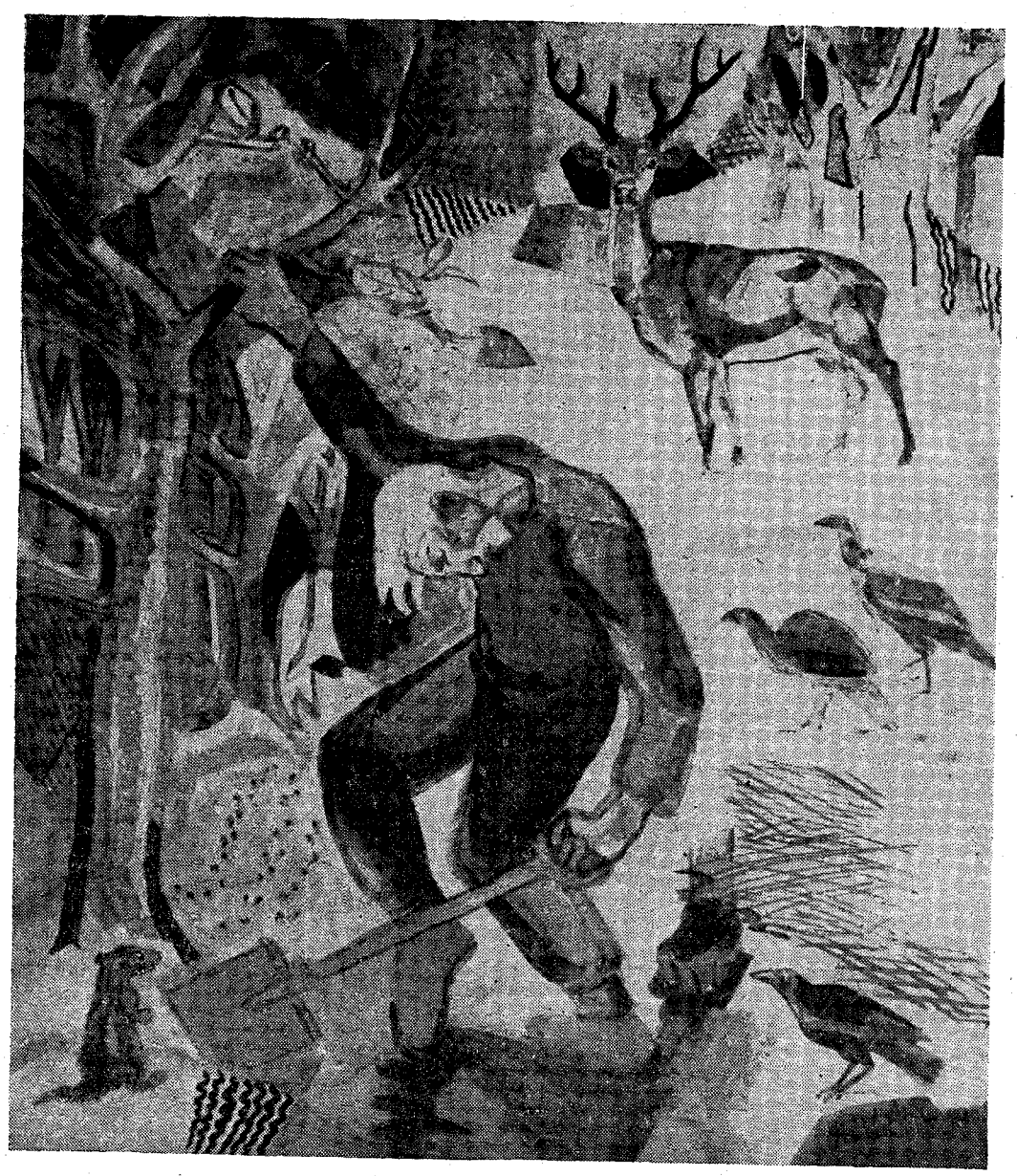
DRAMA

No "Farewell"

This audience liked the sense of urgency in war-love drama.

MOST of the newspaper critics walloped Edward Chodorov's latest play, *Those Endearing Young Charms*. The audience I was in liked it. Wandering about in Shubert Alley during the intermissions and after the last curtain, I leaned an ear toward pertinent comment. Civilians and men and women in uniform spoke of the trueness, the reality, the poignancy of the story.

It isn't much of a story. An Army navigator with only two days left of his leave in New York before he is sent to one of the fronts, is frankly on the loose in the



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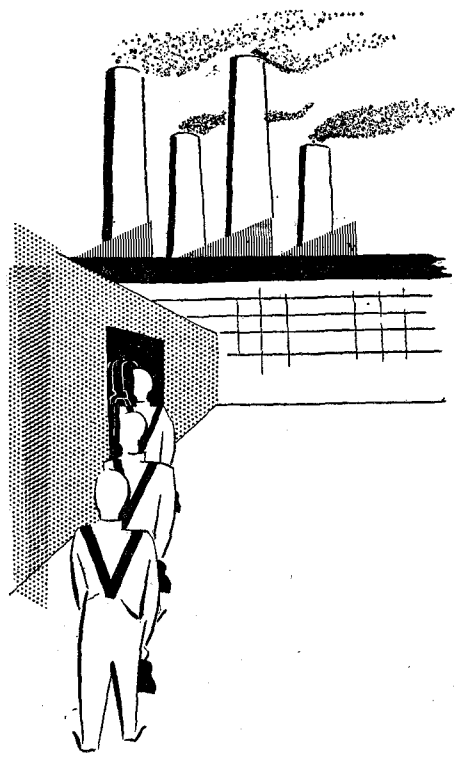

hope of snatching enough of what goes for love to compensate for the haunting premonition of certain death. He meets a young girl and goes to work on her in an intense, direct style. But the girl is faced by her mother with the demand that she avoid the boy because, aside from his initial selfishness of intention, he might not live through the war; or might return maimed; or, remaining whole of body, might choose not to remember the girl. Nevertheless, the girl, feeling the urgency under which war places all decisions, gives herself freely. The boy, suddenly aware that he has in his attachment for her one of the most powerful reasons for living, marries her—and flies off.

A simple, unoriginal tale: but evidently it touched the people about me, for it was of their lives or the lives of their loved ones or friends. Why the distance between the opinion of the critics and the reaction of the audience?

The answer, I believe, is that the audience recognized that this was the girl's story, that her response to the occasion was by circumstance purer and deeper than that of the boy's, and that its consequences would probably continue to affect her life and happiness far beyond his. On the other hand, the critics gave the play to the navigator and therefore followed the scenes as a course in seduction. Naturally, then, they enjoyed the first two acts. But when they discovered that the boy had actually the bad taste to fall in love with the girl and even to dive so low as to ask her to marry him, they felt betrayed. They complained bitterly that the wolf had turned into a lamb; that at the last moment the author, taken in a schizophrenic seizure, had split his fine villain and revealed a decent man. Chodorov, of course, had not written the lieutenant as either a wolf or a villain: he

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had, in fact, taken great pains to show him as a young fellow who had once been hurt by a serious, but unjustified accusation and had thereupon perversely proceeded to try to live up to public expectations; when he finds someone who believes in him, his dignity is restored and he gladly discards his cynicism. Contrary to the reading of the critics, it is precisely in the last act that the essential personality of the lieutenant is revealed! Lastly, the critics were cheated by Frederick Fox's neat setting of a hotel room with a nice, big, suggestive bed bracing the center, when, after a long wait, there took place on the most promising prop only the most chaste proposal—really very old-fashioned, even to the singing of Thomas Moore's sentimental lines.

Except for a brief but compelling section of one of the scenes between Mrs. Brandt and her daughter, Helen, the play is scarcely specific to the present war. In this scene in which the mother does her utmost to "save" her, Helen passionately rejects the idea that this war is just another war and that the world will always be the same. "You are terribly wrong," she says. "It must be different! It will be different!" But the only distinction she can think of is that out of this war will emerge a true comradeship between man and woman. Definitely the play would have achieved stature had Chodorov not so completely avoided the over-all reality of the day.

As it is, he has given us a skillful and often moving story. Blanche Sweet does very well with a part that could have been more searching. Dean Harens as the army private, is indestructibly ebullient and good fun. Zachary Scott plays Lieut. Hank Trosper with fine shadings, managing to convey at once the lonely, bitter, direct quality of the man. Virginia Gilmore is Helen. She is young and beautiful and sensitive in her art. This is her first Broadway appearance and I venture to predict that we shall be seeing her in many plays. Max Gordon produced the show. Despite the critics, it is certain to build and be with us for a decent run. Go see it.

HARRY TAYLOR.

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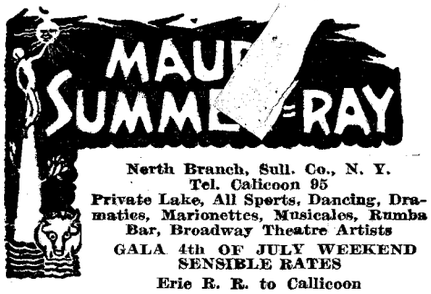

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